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July 2, 1903

THE MIRROR

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St. Louis, Mo.

The Mirror

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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MR. FOLK AND HIS METHODS

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

CIRCUIT ATTORNEY JOSEPH W. FOLK has removed ex-Lieutenant Governor John A. Lee from the list of candidates for the Democratic nomination for Governor of Missouri, and now Secretary of State Sam B. Cook, who seemed to have a "cinch" on the nomination, has been shown up as a participant after the fact in a bribery deal and is as certainly eliminated as Lee.

There are other candidates. Will Mr. Folk be able to use the Grand Jury inquisition to put them out of the way? It ought to be easy enough to get someone to tell some kind of a story about any candidate; get the story in the papers, where it has all the effect of an indictment, and thus settle any possible boomlet.

The Grand Jury has been shown to contain unsuspected possibilities of usefulness, as part of a campaign machine, in the subtly able hands of Mr. Folk, but, of course, it must be confessed that those against whom it has been used successfully thus far have been unfortunate in having furnished, through their official conduct, material upon which the machine could work.

Mr. Cook, the Secretary of State, has confessed his incrimination in a boodle deal, and admitted he was present to "protect" Coal Oil Inspector Speed, when the latter paid a State Senator \$800 to kill a bill designed to reduce the oil inspection fees. This is a criminal offense under the law, even though its prosecution is barred by the statute of limitation, even though Mr. Cook says that Mr. Speed did what many an honest man has done in Missouri for many years past. Mr. Cook should resign the Secretaryship of State, just as Mr. Lee resigned his position of Lieutenant Governor, after confessing guilt. Mr. Cook's offense is as bad as Lee's, if not worse. He is guilty, on his own statement, and it makes no material difference that Mr. Circuit Attorney Folk may have gubernatorial ambitions of his own and may have been furthering those ambitions when he uncovered Mr. Cook's complicity in the boodle deal between Coal Oil Inspector Speed and State Senator Lyons.

It may be a matter of wonder to some people having knowledge of legal ethics that Mr. Folk should investigate actions upon which he could not find an indictment under the law, and that, failing to indict, he should permit or bring about the publication of the secrets of the Grand Jury room, but Mr. Folk's reply is effective, if evasive, that the light is the best purifier known, that publicity is both punitive and preventive, that the showing up of conditions in the press is as much a public duty as the finding of indictments. As for the circumstance that most of the recent victims of Mr. Folk's Grand Jury news-bureau and political battering-ram have been men who stood in the way of his own political advancement, Mr. Folk will say, with that suave and saccharine smile of his, that it is only a coincidence.

And, however we may criticize him for these things, yet must we remain dumb as to the main issue. Mr. Folk has disclosed a fearsome state of affairs in high places in this city and State. There is no denying that the light he has let in upon those affairs has been of value in awakening the public to a startled realization of the height as well as the depth of official venal-

ity. One may find fault, and very serious fault, with Mr. Folk's methods, but one cannot defend the deeds and the doers thereof against whom those methods have been directed. One cannot defend boodlers, even though one may gag at methods of procedure against them, even though one may see that the methods are mainly directed to the end of aggrandizing the political and personal fortunes of the investigator. It is unfortunate that one cannot criticize Mr. Folk without being misunderstood as the apologist for boodlers, but such is the case, owing to the frame of mind of the public, who look only at results and are prone to believe that the end justifies the means.

It will not come home to the public—this use of the Grand Jury to furnish newspaper sensations, after failing to secure indictments—until some successor of Mr. Folk, for some personal or political object, shall use the Grand Jury secrets to blast someone he doesn't like, but cannot indict, and that someone is a person against whom the public judgment has not been formed in advance. It goes down all right enough with the public as long as the victims are only politicians, who are guilty of anything and everything in the public mind, but wait until the Folk precedent is applied to some man who is not publicly prejudged. Mr. Folk's course may be justified to some brief-sighted and shallow-thinking persons by the extraordinary conditions now or heretofore prevailing, but the people who think, know that there could not be any greater menace to character and to liberty than a secret tribunal, inspired by a vengeful or designing man, that may be used to ferret out allegations against individuals in order to publish them to the world in such shape as affords the victim no possible means of redress. A Grand Jury may put out a "report" on anybody. A Circuit Attorney may tell the newspapers that he has such and such evidence against anybody and the papers may print his information, carefully guarded by the copious use of qualifying phrases such as "it is said," or, "it is alleged," and there is no recourse.

It is no defense for this practice to say that its use recently has been only against persons who have been forced to admit their own guilt, for this is not true. The Folk method has been used to "smash" men who have not only not admitted their guilt, but men against whom there has not been an iota of credible evidence presented to the Grand Jury. Stories have been printed as having been told to the Grand Jury, when there was no more truth in the statement than lies in the fact that Mr. Folk had questioned witnesses along the lines of the story only to find that not one of them had confirmed the theory upon which his inquiry was conducted.

Mr. Folk's zeal has far outrun his ethical sense, or his desire to be a hero has made him careless in the efforts he is making to hold popular attention. It is fortunate for him that the crowd does not draw fine distinctions, or look deeply into the ultimate consequences of performances that tickle its fancy. It is fortunate for him that the crowd thinks anyone who dares to question his methods does so in the interest, or for the money, of the criminal elements in politics. He is blessed in being in a position where those whom he assails are almost universally believed to be parasites on the body politic. The almost indubitable guilt of so many of the captives of his method,

excuses, to the public mind, any informality or illegality in those methods. These circumstances and conditions are the elements that are almost certain to land him in the Governorship of Missouri, either as a Democrat or as a Republican-Independent, but they are circumstances and conditions which justify those of us who look at the inwardness of things in distrusting Mr. Folk in spite of the almost incalculable good he has done in the past two years in the way of municipal and State purification.

Mr. Folk's methods are dangerous. His motives, judging by the consecutiveness with which his probable political opponents for the Governorship are made victims of his processes, are not without an alloy detracting from his apotheosis as a self-sacrificing public servant. What he has done, in evasion of the law, to an apparently good public end, may form the precedent to procedure for a vicious purpose in the future. If he runs the Grand Jury as a news bureau to advertise all the tales of corruption that he hears and thus to condemn by innuendo and insinuation persons whom he cannot indict, because of the law, other Circuit Attorneys may use the Grand Jury to excuse the putting forth of stories against men who are as palpably innocent as most of the boodlers now pilloried are palpably guilty. A Circuit Attorney may "smash" anybody by calling him before a Grand Jury and asking him any set of questions and then giving the papers the fact that the Grand Jury had investigated the story indicated by the questions. The story in the paper is as good as an indictment to discredit a man before his fellow citizens. Mr. Folk seems to use devious methods solely because he is after crooked people. One of his ex-detectives has been discovered in Indianapolis trying to bribe an official in order to make a case for good government—committing a crime and inducing another to commit a crime in order to establish the existence of crime. This performance, although Mr. Folk may not know it, is a logical result of the Folk theory that it's all right to catch a crook in a crooked way. It's all right to evade the law, or even to break it to capture a law-breaker. This is not law and it is not morality. It is the code of the divorce detective. It is the philosophy of the end justifying the means, that has been condemned by every white-souled thinker, since reasoning processes began in man. But it seems to "go" with the people, and "'tis true 'tis pity, pity 'tis 'tis true" that such a system of procedure is likely to make Mr. Folk Governor of Missouri, even as it has aroused the public conscience to the enormity of legislative and official corruption in the fifth State of the Union.

The writer of this article does not believe Mr. Folk is dishonest, mentally. Neither does he believe that Mr. Folk sees clearly the dangerousness of the precedents he is establishing. Mr. Folk is a young man, brought face to face with a splendid opportunity for public service. He has seized that opportunity boldly and made the most of it. No American believer in opportunity will condemn him for this, more especially as his seizure of opportunity has been, primarily, for the public good. The only fault to find with Mr. Folk is that he has been led in his pursuit of criminals outside the lines laid down by the law for the conduct of his office. No one can reasonably complain that Mr. Folk investigates stories of corruption that come to him. No one can reasonably complain that Mr. Folk has the Grand Jury indict men on testimony against which the indicted has had no chance to present defense. But there is cause of complaint that, under Mr. Folk's administration, when a Grand Jury has not had the courage to indict a man, Mr. Folk has not hesitated to sanction the publication of the story

upon which the Grand Jury would not indict. There is just complaint that Mr. Folk investigates alleged offenses, which, if proven against the alleged offenders, would not warrant indictment under the law of limitation, and then, in lieu of indictments, puts forward accusations in the press against individuals to which they cannot respond without being practically put on their own defense without warrant of law. There is no warrant for investigating in this jurisdiction offenses alleged to have been committed in another jurisdiction. There is no warrant for Mr. Folk's divulgence of Grand Jury matters, save in formal indictments or ignored bills, to the court that selects the Grand Jury. There is no justification for forcing a man to testify against himself under veiled threat or implied promise.

All these facts Mr. Folk has, seemingly, forgotten in his zeal and under the intoxication of popular applause. He has been led on by the clamor of the crowd for heads, just as other originally good men, like Danton and Robespierre, were led on to give necks to the guillotine in order to maintain themselves in popular favor during the Red Terror. He has been lured by laudation into courses of extra-constitutionality that may be his own undoing, just as in the trial of his causes his enthusiasm has, thus far, made his every conviction patently and multifariously reversible by the State Supreme Court.

Mr. Folk, however, forges onward and upward in public estimation. There is a new head thrown to the people, through the press, every other day, and the days between are filled with promises of those and other heads. The public appetite grows by what it feeds on. It demands more and more highly seasoned sustenance. It demands so much that no one can meet the growing demand interminably, even if boodling has been rampant in St. Louis and Jefferson City for twenty years. There must come a time when Mr. Folk's supply of heads must be exhausted and then—well, then, the public will have another idol or hero.

The question is whether the supply of heads will hold out long enough to enable Mr. Folk's nomination on the strength thereof; whether he will find so many Democratic heads to give that the party will be forced to make him its candidate to preserve its own existence. Will the party destroy Mr. Folk and, in destroying him, hurl itself to defeat, or will it take him up and make him lead it to another victory? When Folk arises in the party by proxy and asks for honors, will someone cry, even as the Man in the Mountain cried to Robespierre: "The blood of Cook, or Lee, or Butler, chokes you?" When Mr. Folk turns to the Republicans, will not that party feel that the man who disrupted the Democracy and destroyed his creators is not a man to be trusted by another party or by other leaders? When the boodle excitement wears off, will not some of the public see the faults in Mr. Folk's methods of using the Grand Jury to bespatter reputations in the papers?

These, however, are questions of the future. Here and now, Mr. Folk seems immovably rooted in the esteem of *hoi polloi*, the invincible hero of political reform. Nothing that can be said against him is of aught avail. He is as infallible as the Pope, and impeccable, which the Pope is not. He is a law unto himself. Yea, he was foretold in that verse of Job where it is written that "fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery." Out upon those who question his methods or his motives! Mr. Folk will be Governor of Missouri—*D. V.*—and yet, "there is not a righteous man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not."

POSTPONE THE FAIR?

BY W. M. R.

REPRESENTATIVES of the World's Fair have been in Washington some days trying to secure from the National Government the right to draw upon the \$5,000,000 appropriated to the Fair by Congress. This money cannot be available legally until the World's Fair management shall have expended \$10,000,000. Up to date the local management claims to have expended only about \$9,000,000, though some of us seem to think the management has had very little for its money, or rather that the city has had very little, for there is no doubt that the management and its friends who have a "stand-in" have "had theirs." St. Louis hasn't had much of a "whack" at the money expended, as is natural, seeing that the Buffalo "bunch," who achieved such a failure in the Pan-American Exposition, is running things as to detail. But that's immaterial—all such events are cornered by cliques and the good things are always "copped" by the insiders. The Fair management must expend another million before it can lay hands on the Government appropriation of \$5,000,000. The law says so.

When will the \$5,000,000 be legally available? How long will it take the Fair management to expend the \$1,000,000 more, needed to make the appropriation available? By the slow-poke methods characteristic of the management, this will not be accomplished until about October. That's a long time off—for a Fair that is to open May 1st, 1904.

But are we to have a Fair in 1904? That's a question! It's almost like Ajax defying the lightning to ask it. Has not President Francis said that nothing will prevent the opening of the Fair on time, except some "act of God," or something unforeseen at the time of the Dedication Ceremonies? Yes, he has spoken. But—

Will the Fair be ready? There are now remaining but ten months in which to complete the Fair by the date set for the opening. All the main buildings are not completed. The Government building is still only on paper. The electric lighting plant, which cannot be installed in less than a year, has not yet been begun. Ground has not been broken for a single one of the State buildings or for the Foreign buildings. There is not, in the opinion of competent architects and contractors, the remotest possibility that the erection of the remaining main structures, the State buildings, the Foreign buildings, the completion of the landscaping of the grounds and other work necessary to the presentation of a Fair in impressive totality, will be done within the time remaining between now and May 1st, 1904. The Foreign exhibits will hardly be ready within the time allotted. The State buildings are as backward in progress to construction as the Foreign buildings. The sites for the State buildings have been selected. The plans for most of them have not been drawn. If we are to reckon on the usual delay in governmental process, foreign and domestic, it is easy to see that ten months is an incredibly short time in which to achieve the amount of work to be done to complete the Fair, install the exhibits and shape up the grounds for the advertised opening day.

Would it be advisable to open the Fair in such a state of incompleteness as was shown, let us say, at Buffalo? Hardly. Can we get along without an imposing array of Foreign and State buildings? Not very well. If the foreign countries and the State governments should ask for future time, as now seems likely they must ask, will not the Exposition be compelled to lay over for another year? And

how about the city itself? Does not that corporation need time to put itself in better shape for the Fair? The city has not the money to put itself in shape and the city didn't care enough about getting the money, a week ago, to turn out to the polls and vote for the charter amendments necessary to secure the money. The charter amendments would have been beaten but for the enthusiastic civic pride of Mr. Thomas Elwood Kinney and his constituents in the Fourth ward. The amendments had been lost if their adoption had depended upon the World's Fair management or the elegant and wealthy folks who are always prominent at World's Fair functions. The city cannot make the improvements necessary to be presentable to the world in ten months, and three of those winter months in which work must necessarily be slow.

Then there's politics. Are not the Fair people beginning to see the chances they will take in holding a Fair in the year of a Presidential campaign, and a campaign that will probably have for its main issue tariff questions notoriously unsettling to business? And if business be unsettled by politics there will be a tightening of purse-strings, and a tightening of purse-strings means that there will be a light attendance upon the Fair.

So far, I have stated the argument that is in circulation in this town, that is in secret circulation in all the newspaper offices in the United States, that is whispered under the breath in the City of Washington. This argument is further strengthened by those evangelizing complainants against World's Fair dilatoriness, the applicants for concessions and the seekers for exhibit space in the great buildings. When persons close to the Fair management and more or less familiar with Fair methods go about wondering if we shall really have a Fair in 1904, it is worth while to present the case to those most interested—the people of St. Louis.

When people from all parts of the United States write to The MIRROR asking "if it is true that the World's Fair is to be postponed to 1905," and cite as their reasons for the inquiry the various statements summarized in the beginning of this article, The MIRROR can only say that however strong the appearances may be in favor of the arguments for postponement, the men at the head of the Fair meet them all with the flat statement that the Fair will be opened on the day announced. President Francis says this. Secretary Stevens says this. Treasurer Thompson is emphatic in approving the declarations of the President, and all the members of the Executive Committee agree that the Fair shall be held in 1904, or not at all.

And there you are!

REFLECTIONS

The Anti-Terminal Graft

THE lower house of the Municipal Assembly is still holding up the loop bill introduced by the St. Louis Terminal Association. This action is against the best interest of St. Louis. The bill means everything to New St. Louis. It means the abolition of the smoky, sulphurous tunnel, so long and so loudly condemned as a nuisance and a blight upon the city. The bill means shortening the time of trains across the river and into the Union Station, and out of the Station across the river by from ten to fifteen minutes. The bill means quicker transfer of freights through the city and the relief of car-congestion in the yards of Mill Creek Valley for the expedition of local freight business. The bill is necessary to make the World's Fair transportation problem simple of solution. The street car system to the Fair Grounds is inadequate to handle

the World's Fair crowds. There must be steam transportation and the only means whereby this may be furnished is by means of the belt lines owned by the Terminal Association. Those belt lines are all we have to rely upon for such a passenger service to the Fair as was rendered by the Illinois Central to Chicago. If the bill be not passed, there will be no transportation worthy of the name to the Fair. Does the House of Delegates want to kill the Fair by killing the loop bill? It does not seem possible. There is a demand for compensation to the city for the franchise. The abolition of passenger traffic through the tunnel should be compensation enough. The facilitation of train service into and out of the city over the bridges should be compensation enough. The means to get freight through the city without choking up and blockading the local yards and getting the goods of local merchants outgoing and incoming into an inextricable jam would be compensation enough. The mere matter of furnishing a quick and easy way to get people to the World's Fair grounds from the center of the city, of providing means to prevent a crush of people down town and a mere scattering of people at the grounds should be compensation enough. The city gets all the advantages enumerated, and more than there is space to enumerate here, from this loop bill. In addition the Terminal Association agrees to pay the city \$250,000 cash, now, when such a sum is worth four times as much a year hence in the matter of forwarding public improvements. What does the city give the Association? The right to cross a few streets without obstructing traffic and the right to build a two-track addition to the present two-track elevated structure along 2,100 feet of the levee south of Market street. The levee has an elevated structure upon it already. Two tracks more would not harm the levee a particle. The levee is practically useless for the distance indicated, in any event. The city would get more than it would give if the loop bill becomes a law. A proposition has been made that the loop bill shall be passed only upon condition that the bridge rate on freight from and to St. Louis be abolished. This rate is the bridge arbitrary. Unfortunately the bridge arbitrary cannot be abolished. The distance across the river has to be traversed by the freight and the haul must be paid for. The bridge and the terminals cannot be operated upon patriotism and wind. The bridge and terminals have to be maintained and they must maintain themselves. The "arbitrary" might possibly be reduced with an increase of revenue from the property, but its abolition is out of the question. As well ask Nugent's or Crawford's or Barr's great stores to abolish their profits as ask the Terminal to abolish the charges they make for service to the public. The whole cry about the arbitrary is a fake. The real secret of the opposition to the loop bill is not to be found in any public-spirited motive. The real secret of opposition to the loop bill is this: *Some person or persons on the river section is or are desirous of selling property to the Terminal Association.* The loud yowl about the evil of using the city streets is translated into the query "why don't the Terminal people buy this piece of property or that piece of property." "Don't sacrifice the levee" is the cry of people who never thought the levee valuable until the Terminal management found a way to make it valuable. Don't give the Terminal the levee. Make the Terminal buy Smith's and Jones' and Brown's property at prices one hundred per cent. higher than actual value. Make the Terminal buy property that the owners have not thought enough of to improve one hundred dollars' worth in twenty years. Make the Terminal buy the

property to which the Terminal enterprise has given the only value it has had in a quarter of a century or more. Talk about a hold-up! Talk about graft! Talk about boodle! Here are they all, back of this cry of compensation for this franchise. The House of Delegates "boys" would go to the "pen" if they held up the Terminal for a car-ticket to pass the bill, but it's all right for more or less eminently reputable, if not wholly respectable, citizens, to garrote the Terminal and hold it up with the threat that it cannot carry out its World's Fair and new St. Louis plans unless it buys property held at exorbitant figures. Don't give the Terminal the levee. Certainly not. The Terminal did not originally want the levee. It was driven to ask for the use of the levee by the rapacity of the owners of property the Terminal tried to buy. Will the House of Delegates stand for such a "hold-up?" Will the World's Fair management stand for such a "shake-down?" Will the people allow an enterprise of such tremendous public importance to be strangled by a few men who want to "milk" the Terminal of money for property that but for the Terminal would be worthless? The altruistic opposition to the loop bill is a fake. It is directed and led by men who are "out for the stuff," with the aid of some few honest fanatics and doctrinaires. The *Post-Dispatch* fights the measure honestly, but it is unwittingly fighting on the side of men who only "want to put into their jeans a chunk of the Terminal dough." Let the Terminal company buy the property certain people wish to sell and the bridge arbitrary may go to the devil with every other consideration of fictitious public interest. The House of Delegates should pass the loop bill and rebuke the men who want to "shake down" the Terminal, the World's Fair, the city at large, on the sale of property for which the Terminal has long ago offered reasonable sums of money.



Archbishop of Manila

A ST. LOUIS priest has been made Archbishop of Manila, and all St. Louisans knowing the man so exalted by the Holy See rejoice in his honors, but regret that they involve his departure from this city. Jeremiah J. Harty is one of the gentlest as well as the manliest of men. He is of a disposition in which asceticism is softened by kindness. He is a scholar, with the simplicity that is inconsistent with pedantry. He is a devout religionist, yet a man of the most genial tolerance. He is not only a shepherd of souls, but he has always gone about doing good to the poor, sore hearts and weary-racked bodies of men. He may be said to have civilized a section of this city that once was almost wild. He built up a community in St. Leo's parish that is the pride of the Catholic prelacy. He made his parish homogeneous, socially, and his church the center and focus of a home-owning population, theretofore migratory and uncertain. His efforts in the direction of keeping the young people of his church in close and happy relationship have demonstrated that the church he serves has often been mistaken in the past in bringing its youthful members together only on the common ground of ceremonial duties. He is no priest in politics, no sensationalist. He never "butted into" "movements" or into the newspapers. He never fought vice vociferously, with his mouth, but there never was any vice in his parish, where Protestant and Catholic alike revere him. No one could go to him burdened with any sin, sore under any affliction, disgraced, despised and come away without comfort of mind and material help as well. He never has been harsh with the most unruly or ungodly. He has been near to the people always, familiar with their homes. He has been in-

conspicuous as a public character, because he never mixed with the men of his cloth who liked the glare of the public eye. His religion is cheerful and very considerate of the fact that "to err is human." No one ever saw him disconcerted. No one ever remembers to have seen his calm face disturbed other than by a smile of kindness or a relaxation of hearty laughter. Withal, he has been a brilliant business administrator of his parish. He built it out of nothing. His St. Leo's church is one of the finest in the city, and St. Leo's school will be the leading Catholic parochial school in the West. Yet, no one ever heard his parishioners grumbling over the tithes. He is a liberal in his dealings with men and women. He is a free interpreter of the liberty that may be found even in the hard-and-fast rules and discipline of Catholicity. He has never been a priest running to the archiepiscopal residence for instructions. He acted on his own initiative always and his initiative always involved the most charitable construction possible. His tact is invincible and his talent lies in the power of honest, pitiful, helpful human affection for all who stumble or stray. To all these most lovable characteristics add the facts that he is no mean theologian, that he is as firm as he is gentle, that he is a good judge of men, that he is eminently and always master of himself, and you will know that the first American Archbishop of Manila is not the least of the blessings that have been or may be conferred upon the Philippines. He is a good man and he will show himself a great man, a friend to the people over whom he will have spiritual jurisdiction, a credit to his native country and a glory to his Church in a land where it has somewhat fallen into moribundity.



An Unique Criminal

ST. LOUIS has a murder case that will excite acute interest for some time. F. Seymour Barrington, who may also be an English thief and suspected murderer named Barton, a smooth adventurer, is under arrest for the murder of his benefactor and temporary patron, a horse gambler named McCann. Barrington posed as an English nobleman, married a girl who thought he was what he represented himself to be, and whom he thought was as rich as she pretended to be, was discovered in his duplicity, sentenced to the Workhouse, released, became a saloon lion, picked up an acquaintance with McCann, and was taken to live at McCann's house. He was, from all reports, interested in McCann's wife not less than in McCann's money. He lured McCann to a lonely spot in the suburbs and came back without him. He forged, or had others forge, letters and telegrams from McCann to his wife. He was arrested when McCann's disappearance was reported, but he told a tale of a drunken bawdy brawl and said McCann had gone off with the brawlers. He was released. Then McCann's body was found in a quarry pond. Barrington was arrested again and McCann's watch and diamonds were found in the patrol wagon in which Barrington was conveyed to the calaboose. McCann's body was found to have been gashed with a razor and two bullet-wounds were found in the head. Barrington has lied and retracted, and told new lies about his last hours with McCann, until the police are certain only that he is the greatest liar, except one, that ever was brought into the toils. Barrington has the polish of a British menial, the sort of manners that are evidently imitated and not natural. He is educated in a smattering way, vain, a little daffy on stories of crime, a killer of ladies who call themselves ladies with an emphasis. He is suspected of being an ex-English soldier who "fagged" for a lieutenant in barracks, in England, some years ago, and one morning found his master dead

and robbed under circumstances that pointed faintly to the discoverer of the murder as the murderer. Barrington is a bigamist, in addition to his other accomplishments, but he is a man of imagination and his lying is something colossal, while his cool nerve, at times, frightens those who study him and then collapses into momentary hysterics and absurd effeminacy. He is chiefly interesting as a type that we have seen in St. Louis before in the person of Hugh M. Brooks, alias Walter H. Lennox Maxwell, alias Theodore Cecile d'Auquier, who murdered his friend, Arthur Preller, packed his body in a trunk, leaving it in a room at the Southern Hotel, and then departed for New Zealand, about 1886. Maxwell was much like Barrington. He was a pretender parvenu. He was a teller of tall stories. He had a cool nerve and traces of effeminacy. He had a suspicion of an education. And when brought face to face with evidences of guilt, Maxwell had as bold and plausible a front as Barrington. The Preller murderer was of a higher class than Barrington, being the son of very reputable parents at Hyde, England, while Barrington is, to all appearances, only a groom who has become adept in mimicry of his betters. But Barrington, like Maxwell, has a certain kind of magnetism of personality which all who have met him have acknowledged. He certainly belongs to the aristocracy of criminals, although his criminal work has been as strangely careless in some details as artfully careful in others. When Maxwell was under arrest and on trial in this city, and even up to the day of his execution, he was a sort of a hero. The lunatics who always blow up over circumstantial evidence wrote letters to the papers about him. "Ladies" sent him flowers and dainty meals. Some of the papers almost went so far as to protest against his execution. The whole community was divided into Maxwellites and anti-Maxwellites. The controversy was finally happily settled by the hanging of the wretch. The similarity between the men and their deeds and the fascination of mystery about their careers, suggests that we may be in danger of another attack of hysteria over Barrington. The papers have been "playing" the "story" too strong. There's no excuse under heaven for a two-page "story" about a murder three days after its discovery. There's no excuse, either, for the lionization of Barrington as Maxwell was lionized in his day. The most contemptible caddishness of the newspaper spreads is to be found in the harping upon the title "Lord." Barrington is being made into something like a hero of the first literary stage of Bulwer-Lytton, when he is nothing but a *Jeems Yellowplush* gone into the Newgate Calendar. Let us have an end of the newspaper gush about this dastard and bastard nobleman. Let us have an end of the suggestion of "heart interest" in the crime between Barrington and his benefactor's wife, who is the proprietress of a matrimonial agency. Leave the "mucker" murderer to the law and let us pray that the law shall soon have him dancing on nothing, upright, in the sun. He will have the short shrift he so well deserves, if the newspapers will not make a hero of him, as they did of his forerunner, Maxwell.



The President's Mistake

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has put a damper on the postal inquiry by prohibiting publicity. This is surprising and regrettable news. It is surprising, because the people expected, after the President's recent utterances, that the investigation would be prosecuted vigorously and fearlessly. It is regrettable, because it tends to arouse suspicions that Theodore Roosevelt has become afraid of the disclosures as a possible factor militating against Republican prospects of vic-

tory in 1904 and injuring his personal prestige and popularity among the masses of the people. The sudden decision to "let down" on the inquiry will be taken for what it really means—a desire to shield men in high office, and to conceal a vast mass of official and political corruption. Enough has leaked out to prove conclusively that the ramifications of corruption extended to all branches of the postal service, and that it has been connived at and encouraged by Members of Congress and leading politicians. The President has made a grievous mistake by deciding to put obstacles in the way of the inquiry. After the statements made in the reports of General Bristow and the Civil Service Commission, it was his plain duty not only to let the investigation proceed, but actively to facilitate it in every possible way. It was also his duty to ask for the resignation of a Postmaster-General who, at the beginning, tried to laugh down the inquiry by officially denouncing intimations of corruption as "hot air." Mr. Payne is in the wrong place, and Mr. Roosevelt has done and is doing the wrong thing.



Friendly William

THE late interchange of courtesies at Kiel was a signal instance of cynical Prince Bismarck's "decorative politics." It was productive of some sonorously platitudinous compliments and typical champagne-inspired oratory, and gave Emperor William the longed-for opportunity again to evidence his friendship for the great North American Republic. The German monarch is undoubtedly sincere in his avowals of friendly feelings and good will towards us. Some of his recent doings may have had a superficially suspicious appearance, and some of his notions may not entirely suit our American notions of international intercourse, yet, taken as a whole, he really seems to be anxious to do the square thing by us and desirous to make it clear beyond the peradventure of a doubt that his government has no intention to do or to permit of anything that might jar upon the political susceptibilities of the American people.



Footling the Bill

THE anti-religious laws having been enforced, M. Combes, the French Premier, finds it difficult to provide for educational expenditures, necessitated by the expelling of religious associations, without imposing fresh taxation. It is estimated that, for the next few years, there will be an annual increase in governmental expenses amounting to at least twenty-five million dollars. This may look like a small item to Americans, who are accustomed to billion-dollar Congresses, but it looms large in the eyes of the French people, who are groaning under heavy taxation, and whose government is continuously compelled to juggle with budget items so as to make outgo balance with income. This inevitable enlargement of national expenditures promises to make considerable trouble for the Combes administration. It has already provoked M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the ex-Premier, into a violent arraignment of the government for its haste in enforcing laws the enactment of which he originally inspired. It seems to be Mr. Waldeck-Rousseau's opinion that the government should have proceeded in a slow and deliberate manner and given some thought to possible financial consequences. It would seem that the Combes régime is nearing the end. On recent occasions, its majority in the Chamber of Deputies has been dangerously small. The French people are extremely sensitive when it comes to politics that "touches" their pocket-books. They are willing enthusiastically to applaud high-sounding fanfaronades about liberty of conscience and education, and things

of that sort, but their ardor quickly subsides when they are brought face to face with the necessity of paying more taxes. The financial position of France is rapidly weakening. In spite of the use of all kinds of expedients, M. Rouvier, the Minister of Finance, is in constant worry and perplexity over his budgets. Some time ago, he effected some reduction in expenses by a conversion of the national debt, but deficits still stare him in the face, and every month it becomes more evident that things cannot be made to balance. The multiplying difficulties of the government are doubtless partly responsible for the uneasiness displaying itself in French security markets and the constant withdrawals of deposits from savings banks. Since October, 1902, French 3 per cent government rentes have fallen from 101 to 96¾, thereby reflecting the perturbed feeling among investors regarding the political future of the country.



A Notable Record

WHILE one labor organization after the other is going on a strike, the encouraging news reaches us from Butte, Montana, that the miners' union of that city, now celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of its organization, has never been involved in a strike, and, in the long period of its existence, has always succeeded in maintaining harmonious relations with employers. This is certainly a record to be proud of and one that is decidedly unique in the annals of American labor. Paradoxical as it may seem, the miners have never demanded and never been granted an increase in wages since the organization of their union. Their employers have, however, voluntarily, conceded shorter hours and made various noteworthy sanitary improvements in the mines. The union is in a prosperous condition. It disburses a sick and burial fund of about fifty thousand dollars a year to its members. The history of this Butte miners' union furnishes satisfactory proof that labor unions can organize and exist without friction with employers, and that both sides may promote and protect their respective interests by treating each other with kindness and justice. Ordinary intelligence should tell employers and employees that their interests are one and inseparable and require peaceful and forbearing co-operation, and that nothing that is prejudicial to the just rights of the one can be beneficial to the other. It stands to reason that, in the course of time, the spread of a better and more comprehensive knowledge of economic questions, and the rights of labor and capital, will be instrumental in removing many of the causes of constant friction, the consequences of which are so hurtful to all parties concerned, and especially to the at present helpless public.



The Havemeyer Idea

THERE has lately arisen a demand for a sort of tariff revision that stands a good chance to receive respectful attention at the December session of Congress. But it is something radically different from the "Iowa idea." It emanates from the Sugar Trust, and is based upon assertions that German "cartel" producers intend to ship enormous quantities of cheap sugar to the United States as soon as the abolition of sugar bounties, recently arranged for at Brussels, goes into effect on September 1. The magnates of the American Sugar Trust pretend that this constitutes a grave danger, and that it is the duty of Congress to pass legislation providing for an extension of the system of countervailing duties. They devoutly believe in the necessity and benefits of countervailing duties, ever since the United States Supreme Court upheld the right of the Government to levy such duties on

Russian sugar. The Sugar Trust has presented its demand at the proper psychological moment, that is, just when the Republican party is "in the market" for "dignified" campaign contributions. It is a poor Trust that does not know its political opportunity. Considering the fact that the "Iowa idea" is so exceedingly unpopular, and protection along orthodox lines still the supreme fetish in high Republican circles, it is not at all improbable that the sugar monopoly's request that something be done in a legislative way to protect it against European competition will readily be complied with. As one of our most promising "infant industries," the Sugar Trust must be given all the protection that it needs, or thinks it needs. Its capitalization is diluted with such a big amount of water that a continuance of fat dividends on preferred and common shares would be made impossible by unrestrained competition. The Trust's grip upon the domestic sugar market must not be loosened. Consumers are prosperous and do not mind a little more "bleeding." And the Trust needs the money, and the Republican party needs it still more. The Havemeyer idea of tariff revision should be given a rousing reception by the Republican majority in Congress. It is up-to-date and practicable. The men who conceived it are neither "cranks," nor "doctrinaires."



Cannot be Scared

A WELL-KNOWN Brooklyn divine took occasion, recently, to unbosom himself in regard to the awful dangers confronting the man who is so unfortunate as to suffer from an income of fifty thousand dollars a year. In the course of his sulphurous argument, he made the vehement and unqualified assertion that such a man is "bound to go to the devil." The eloquent preacher had a most fashionable and attentive audience, which, however, did not seem particularly impressed with his philippic against the dangers and abuses of wealth. Plutocratic congregations can no longer be scared with platitudinous talk of this kind, even if it emanates from the lips of the most eminent "divine." They have lost their former susceptibility to threats of infernal fire and brimstone. "Devilish" talk does not "cut much ice" in American millionairessdom. The fifty-thousand-dollar-a-year man does not bother his head with the possible moral dangers growing out of, or connected with, the spending of his money. He is apt to conclude that his way of going to the devil is rather a pleasant and comfortable one. The enjoyment of the here and now counts for more in plutocratic circles than talk of eternal damnation. "Let's eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die," still remains the motto of the individual who worships Mammon. It's a sordid and degrading motto, yet it is the most honored and the most popular of the many which the human mind or heart has invented.



The German Elections

THE Socialistic gains in the parliamentary elections in Germany need cause no surprise. They were the natural and inevitable consequence of foolish tariff legislation: Germany's industrial masses voted for the "reds," because they resented the increase in duties on imported necessities of life. Economic distress and discontent, growing out of the late period of depression, were likewise a powerful factor in making voters for the Socialistic candidates. However, taken as a whole, it does not seem that the Socialists made as much headway as they anticipated. The Center or Catholic party held its own remarkably well. It still remains the most powerful political organization within the empire. The various government factions fared better than they deserved. Germany's parliament-

ary situation has not changed materially. The Centrists will continue to hold the trump cards in their hands. Without their assistance, the Imperial government will be unable to go ahead with the execution of its naval and military programmes. More trips to Canossa are in store for William II. The trend of things points towards solidification and simplification in German parliamentarism. The many political factions are gradually absorbing each other. Within a decade or so, there will be only Conservatives and Liberal-Radicals figuring in elections. The Socialistic party is absorbing all liberal elements. The further it wanders away from its original untenable and impracticable demands, the more will it command the confidence and support of intelligent voters.



A Chicago Divorce Case

A BUDDLE-HEADED Chicagoan wants to be divorced from his wife because she allowed herself to be kissed and hugged by an amorous organist. If the judge knows his business, he will dismiss the divorce proceedings. Neither legal precedents, nor statutory provisions cover a case of this kind. A woman who exchanges kisses with a musician is not responsible for her actions. She is, temporarily, *non compos mentis*. Psychological authorities well know that key-thumpers exercise an inexplicable hypnotic spell upon emotional women, and that the spell is the more puissant and irresistible when it is overshadowed by an appalling abundance of *pilus*. There is natural psychological affinity between the musical genius and sentimental woman. The Chicago fair one who rested contentedly on the wildly throbbing bosom of her love-consumed organist could not help herself. She simply had to give and receive kisses. An intoxicating wave of mysterious emotion invaded her little, fluttering heart when the full lips of the organist were seeking for her own. Considering all the circumstances of the case, and the well-known foibles and susceptibilities of feminine nature, the Chicago woman cannot be blamed for succumbing to the temptation which came to her. Her husband must be an unfeeling monster. If he were what he should be, he would take infinite pleasure in kissing womanly lips that tempted an organist to worship at the shrine of Eros.



THE HOME AND THE SCHOOL

BY JOHN H. RAFFERTY.

THE value of school-training, and especially of boarding-school training, is being widely discussed in comparison with home schooling and refining influences of parental care until the child is ready to begin its responsibility to the world at large. A great many clever people, most of them women, are inveighing against the boarding-school as destructive of the finest qualities in childhood. There is a movement afoot for the revival of the old-country tutor method, so that boys and girls who can afford to go to college or seminary, may be educated in their homes.

Some of the latter-day prejudices against boarding-schools are probably traceable to the *Dotheboy* halls of fiction and tradition; some are the result of bitter memories of the older generation who slept in fireless dormitories and had to pry the ice off their toilet ewers in the winter mornings. A good deal is based upon vague tirades about the immoralities of academies, seminaries and small colleges, and the extravagance and recklessness of students living at the great universities away from home.

As a matter of fact, the vices of childhood are seldom either terrible or deep-rooted, and it is, doubtless, the experience of many men and women who

spent part of their youth at boarding-school, that most of the meanness and pruriency that came to the surface there, was introduced by some much-petted Mamma's darling who had to be thrashed or tormented into decency by the new-found comrades of the boarding-school. And it is certain that these youngsters, who live like soldiers at barracks, are pretty sure to discover and despise the petty short-comings of their comrades long before either parent or teacher could know the truth. Nor is the small boy lacking in that sense of justice which many grown-up folks think is a quality only of maturity.

The youngster at a boarding-school is living in a republic of his peers. He cannot run home to tell his mother every time his vanity is hurt or his rights invaded, nor can he trench upon the rights of others without paying the price upon terms which are fair and equal to both contestants. He may have to fight, but then he will at least learn how to lose—a priceless bit of knowledge—and if he wins, how fine it is for him to be generous to the loser, to the erring, to the unfortunate.

The boy at school beyond the daily patronage of lenient parents, becomes at once a small man of a small world. He is now responsible to public opinion; he is a man of affairs, in the public eye, a citizen who is no better than his neighbor. He must answer for himself by word and deed. If he would be tolerated he must be tolerant; if he is quarrelsome and peevish, he can have fights galore and in time his cantankerous whims will be properly thrashed out of him. If he lies he will be detected and pricked with the sharpest barb in all the world—the sarcastic raillery of boyhood! If he is unclean, he will be derided—or ducked. If he sneaks or tattles, he will be shunned and isolated, or, better still, pumelled.

And these youthful enforcements of justice, unwarranted as they may seem in theory, are but the just anticipations of all that comes of personal character and conduct in later life. Only they are infinitely fairer, more inescapable and swift. There is no hiding from the impish scrutiny of boys; there is no evading their pronouncements; there is no dodging their swift visitations of justice. Pity for the poor, the frail, the diseased; pride of independence, fair-play, physical and mental prowess; boys and girls learn and practice all of these primitive excellencies better in boarding-schools than at home, for upon them depend their places in the community and their chance of present peace and happiness.

Children at home can learn as much vice in a neighborhood as they could at school. But at home they can escape and deceive both their associates and their parents. Furthermore the responsibility for their prankishness or vandalism is usually shifted onto the father or mother. They can be border ruffians, raiding like little demons into adjoining wards, but angelic hypocrites in their own. They may have good parents and polite surroundings. They may grow up without the necessity for harsh discipline and taking for granted all the tender consideration heaped upon them. Yet they are at a disadvantage with the children who get a few years of boarding-school life. Nobody incurs my suspicion so much as the half-grown boy who is too nice, or the half-grown girl who is too lady-like to play tennis or wallop a golf ball. They may be "on the square" but I would match a bold-going ball-playing boy or a freckle-faced outdoor girl against any of them for success as a good man or good woman. And the meaning of "good" here is not all in the sense of virtue or piety, but it includes grit, staunchness, poise, patience, courage, and above all, fairness.

This is not a slam at the value of parental in-

fluences or home training, but rather a defense of the boarding-school which so many doting parents seem to fear as a place of spiritual pestilence and youthful brutality. The indulgent father or mother who is afraid to send Chauncey to boarding-school for fear that he will learn something bad, or get whipped, or meet rude boys, or become estranged from his parents, are very foolish. There is no escaping the knowledge of good and evil. It is better for the boy to learn the meaning of combat at the hands of the puny rival of his boyhood than to have him grow up a weakling, a mark for every bully he encounters. Let him know about the bad as well as the good; let him have his eyes blacked a few times and his curly head well punched. The chances are he will give as good as he gets, and that's something, isn't it? Chauncey is finding out how not to get the worst of it, and that's what we must know when we tackle the big boarding-school of the world.

Every good mother puts something of the woman into the boy she suckles, and it never gets out of him. When she fondles him, when she teaches him to pray, when she weeps over his pillow, when she butters his bread, always she is "putting something of the woman into him," and it always remains the best and the most steadfast quality in him. But it can be overdone. Send him to college or to boarding-school when he is big enough. He will remember you more tenderly there than he ever did at home. He will yearn for you. He will brag about you and about his home. Every hard knock he gets will make your hand seem softer, kinder, more soothing. Every fair blow he strikes is in your honor, madam. Let him meet rude, false, cowardly boys and he will show that he is their master just as you would have him. And he will come home to you with more sense of your worth, with a tenderer knowledge of what home means, with a disciplined heart and the good light of manliness shining in his eyes.



FIDELITY

BY ERNEST DOWSON.

Non sum qualis eram bonae sub regno Cynarae.

LAST night, ah yesternight, between her lips and mine

There fell thy shadow, Cynara! Thy breath was shed

Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine;

And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,

Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head:

I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion.

All night upon mine heart I felt her warm heart beat,
Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep she lay:

Surely the kisses of her bought, red mouth were sweet;

But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,

When I awoke and found the dawn was gray:

I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion.

I have forgot much, Cynara, gone with the wind,

Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,

Dancing to put thy pale lost lilies out of mind;

But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,

Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:

I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion.

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,

But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,

Then falls thy shadow, Cynara, the night is thine;

And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,

Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire:

I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion.

RELIGION IN SCIENCE

BY RALPH FERGUSON.

BRITISH scientific circles are in a state of disputatious commotion over Lord Kelvin's recent assertion that it is utterly absurd to suppose that "a crystal, a sprig of moss, a microbe, or a living animal" could be made by a number of "atoms falling together of their own accord." For uttering these words the eminent scientist has been severely criticised. Some of his critics have called upon him for more detailed explanation, but he has wisely decided to remain silent.

To the unprejudiced mind, Lord Kelvin's position appears impregnable. According to the London *Spectator*, the real issue of the heated controversy is his declaration that science positively asserts Creative Power, that there is no middle path between a scientific belief in Creative Power and the acceptance of the theory of a "fortuitous concourse of atoms," and that science has a knowledge of spiritual influence in the universe. This declaration cannot be satisfactorily met by a flat contradiction. It is not sufficient, for instance, for Professor Lankester to say: "It appears to me that science proceeds on its path without any contact with religion, and that religion has not, in its essential qualities, anything to hope for, or to fear from, science." No sane man has ever pretended, since science became a separate doctrine, that we know, or ever can hope to know, or conceive of the possibility of knowing, whence this mechanism (the whole order of Nature, including living and lifeless matter) has come, why it is here, whither it is going, and what there may or may not be beyond and beside it which our senses are incapable of appreciating. These things are not 'explained' by science, and never can be."

The answer to this lies, first, in an adequate definition of religion, and, second, in the application of tests to determine whether the essential elements of that definition are susceptible of scientific consideration, and particularly whether Lord Kelvin's declaration that science positively asserts Creative Power is fairly capable of use.

Mr. Haldane has well defined religion "to be that aspect of the universe in which the relation of man to God appears." If, then, God is a reality, the Creative Power which Lord Kelvin sees moving in the universe, the aspect of the universe which exhibits the relation of man to the Creative Power is a subject related to or connected with science. It is true that it is an aspect of things as incapable of direct measurement or observation as are mental and moral processes and the processes of organic evolution. But the apparent inapplicability of empiric methods to such processes does not rule them out of the domain of science. Our inability to observe, measure and collate is not a reflection on the function of science, but on the capacity of scientists. The limits of the starry heavens are not measured by the range of the telescope, the field of the moral law is not defined by the ethics of the law-giver or the philosopher, and the operations of the mind elude all the theories of psychologists.

The failure of science to deal effectively with such things adds new zest to the work, and brings new laborers into the field. Science clearly is definitely connected with religion as defined by Mr. Haldane, for it has presented to us at every turn an order-evolving force which is inconceivable as being other than a creating, and, therefore, a conscious, force. Science, too, has shown us that this force, in every aspect, is a moral force, that is to say, a force which exhibits itself in laws that secure the ultimate well-being, the ultimate realization of all the potential

qualities, of all things that obey such laws. But this is the God of Revelation by whom the Christian avows to live and move and have his being; the God of whom our fathers have told us, and for whom their souls longed.

The relationship of God to man and the universe was well defined by Dr. Linden in his Bampton Lectures, in 1866:

"In vast inorganic masses, God discovers Himself as the supreme, creative, sustaining Force. In the graduated orders of vital power which range throughout the animal and vegetable worlds, God unveils His activity as the Fountain of all life. In man, a creature exercising conscious reflective thought and free self-determining will, God proclaims Himself a free Intelligent Agent. Man indeed may, if he will, reveal much more than this of the glory of God: he may shed forth by the free movement of his will, rays of God's moral glory, of love, of mercy, of purity, of justice. But whether each man will make this higher revelation depends not upon the necessary constitution of his nature, but upon the free co-operation of his will with the designs of God."

So self-revealed, God is as much the God of science as He is the God of Revelation, and to say that "science proceeds on its path without any contact with religion," is as much as to say that science—as has too often been the case—proceeds on its path without any real contact with Nature. Charles Darwin was perplexed as to whether the existence of a personal God could be proved from the "so-called laws of Nature," but he was too great and too reverent a thinker to deny the fact. "I cannot see my way clearly," he writes in his humble, noble, simple manner. It remained for the Neo-Darwinists to dogmatize a negation.

Yet the facts are against them. A Creative Purpose explains obscure things without darkening the light that science has given us. Not only is there no law of Nature that such an all-pervading, all-sustaining, continuous, directive Purpose infringes, but each law is stamped by such a Purpose; while the faith which finds in revealed Creative Purpose an increase of power to gain the higher things of duty and morality is strengthened by the truth that in relation to such a Purpose the book of Nature corroborates the book of Revelation.

Moreover, the hope of immortality, and all that it means to the present life, must certainly be invigorated by the same assurance, for if science grants us the God of our fathers, it cannot long deny us the hope in which our fathers died, and without which our faith and our lives are vain and empty.

A few months ago, a man blind from birth received his sight at the hands of a famous British oculist. Nineteen centuries ago, we are told, a man blind from birth received his sight at the hands of Christ in Syria. In each case the gift was the same; the eyes of the blind were opened upon a "brave, new world" till then but guessed at. Surely, likewise, in the spiritual sense, religion and science have still the same work to do—to open the blind eyes of men to a world still unrealized, to bring light into darkness and to illuminate the desert places of the human soul. Even those who refuse to accept Christ's physical miracle must accept the greater but analogous spiritual miracle that He has performed for the whole race.

Science, which has, beyond doubt, performed the physical miracle, is indubitably also carrying on Christ's greater work. Yet those who would eternally separate religion and science are logically compelled to deny not only the power of Christ to do the work of science, but also the power of science to do the work of Christ. In their works, science and religion are joined beyond all power of divorce. To deny this, is to deny the unity of the universe, and to

destroy with a stroke of the pen the complete principle of the conservation of energy.



THE ROSE AND THE STONE

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

HERE, in the tangle of a deserted field, blooms a red rose;

It is a sort that one may find in old gardens. Near it is a flat stone, half embedded in the earth.

Once there was a house there—

And a man—and a woman.

The man brought the stone for a door-step;

The woman planted a rose by their threshold.

The house is gone now—the spot is overgrown and forgotten.

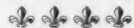
And the woman is dead,

And the man is old and in a far country.

But the stone remains,

And the rose is still blooming.

—From Lippincott's Magazine.



ST. LOUIS—ART CENTER?

BY MAURICE GODWIN.

WHEN the subject of St. Louis art is mentioned in the average cultivated circle, one of two comments is more than likely to be provoked: "Art? Have we any?" or, "Oh, St. Louis can produce strong painters, as she can produce strong men in any of the professions, to fill up the ranks in New York and Paris."

The Editor of The MIRROR remarked, when Pritchett and Engler were called to fill important positions in the East, that St. Louis was an excellent nursery; but that the trees must be transplanted before they could bear fruit. In the case of the artists this seems to be most lamentably true. There was a time when Will Chase, the art mentor of America, made St. Louis his home. Mary Fairchild, now Mrs. Macmonnies, was reared among us. We had Frye, Paul Cornoyer, Miss Dickson, Miller, Aid, Holloway and a score of others. Von Saltza taught in the art school and might have remained here permanently if he had found conditions a little bit more favorable. There are a few men left who are as good as those who have gone away, men who are sick of the struggle and are simply awaiting an opportunity to seek a more favorable location. We have Wuerpel, whom Whistler has named as the coming great American landscape painter. Edgar Bissell, in both landscape and portraiture, has few superiors in America, and how many St. Louisans ever heard of him? The public at large is beginning to find out about Stoddard, Sylvester and Wolff; but that is due to the personality of the men. Other artists there are of whom the city might be proud, whose names have a strange, unfamiliar sound, whose work we never see. Ruckstuhl has already gone, and when Bringhurst follows, which he will surely do when the Fair is over, we will have no sculptor left. For a city of the population of St. Louis this is deplorable in the extreme. For such a state of affairs there must be a cause. It is not true that St. Louisans have no appreciation of art. Some of the finest private collections in the country are right here. The city is noted for its splendid homes. We have an abundance of wealth and good taste. We have an art school that has few equals and no superiors. This may sound extravagant; but it is absolutely true. The South Kensington school has never produced such a showing of students' work as was displayed

at our spring exhibit a few weeks ago. Why is it, then, that the Chicago Art Institute has an annual enrollment of 2,000 while our school rarely reaches 400? Why do the Chicago artists flourish when better men die of neglect in St. Louis? The reason is not far to seek.

St. Louis is lacking in civic pride. Little as we may admire the blatant civic spirit of Chicago, there is something to be said in its favor. Home talent is not only encouraged; it is boosted. No matter what a Chicagoan may have to offer to the public, he is sure of a hearing. Whether his work be good or bad, he is applauded just the same. The Chicago artists are constantly in the newspapers. Their work is written up on every semblance of an occasion. Here, if some alien artist comes to town with a great fanfare and a mediocre show, all the papers send special reporters, while the local men are lucky to get a brief paragraph, tucked away in some obscure corner of the "local" page. We cannot but feel that it is a short sighted policy on the part of the daily press that places the artist in the same class with the merchant, regarding every printed mention of his name as so much free advertising. The really detrimental advertising is that which booms the transient collection, putting St. Louis money into the pockets of foreigners and giving the artists in general to understand that if they want to be appreciated here they must come from somewhere else.

The public may assert that the work done in St. Louis is not up to the standard of the great painters of Paris, Munich or New York. Under existing circumstances it is not likely to be. On the occasion of the first foot-ball game between the now famous Tigers and the students of Washington University, a meeting was called in the chapel to raise funds for the transportation to St. Louis of the battalion band and a delegation of strong-lunged students. The chairman of the meeting announced, with more force than elegance: "The boys have got to have somebody to holler for 'em. Nobody can do anything unless he has somebody to holler for him."

What we need in St. Louis is a brass band and some lusty shouting for home talent. Not only would the men who are now here do better work under the influence of appreciation and patronage, but other artists of recognized ability and reputation would be encouraged to locate here, to the eternal glory of St. Louis. The world knows all about our mules, our tobacco and our shoes. Commercial prosperity we have achieved. It is now time for us to look to the æsthetic things of life. Our press is not alone at fault. The art school, that should be the center of the city's art life, is open to severe criticism. The rules and conditions that were in vogue twenty years ago are still in force to-day. The instruction is of the best; but nothing is done to make the school attractive. It is poorly advertised. Its head has reduced to a science "the gentle art of making enemies." The art school is the step-child in the family of Washington University. Men of wealth who would gladly give of their millions to foster art at home, learn of the experiences of others who have tried the same thing, and are scared off. Their money is welcome; but it must come without any strings, and with no hope of recognition or return. The spirit of self-abnegation does exist in the world, we trust. We know that it does not exist in the heart of the average successful business man. He is not going to give his hard earned cash simply to help a cause that is utterly foreign to his tastes and training. Many a man who knows nothing about art would gladly pay the price that he might pose as a patron of art. And it must be acknowledged that there are worse forms of vanity than this. The same type of man would buy St. Louis pictures if he thought he was

getting something for his money. Just here a word might be said about the artists themselves. Strange as it may seem, the average artist, like the average musician, is a very narrow, jealous, vindictive mortal. A lady with an ample bank account, but with no artistic training wished to buy a picture. She had seen one that took her fancy, yet she did not trust her own taste. Going to a prominent artist, she sought his advice. "Oh, buy it if you want to, but I wouldn't give it wall-space in my barn," was his sneering rejoinder. Astonished at this, the lady went to the painter of the picture to learn whether his criticism could be depended upon. To her further astonishment, the artist replied, in the same sarcastic tone: "He has some idea of color, but he can't draw for sour apples. I wouldn't take one of his daubs as a gift." The lady wound up by being convinced that neither artist could paint.

We ought to have in St. Louis an association of Artists, not like the Artists' Guild, that has degenerated into a mere vaudeville show; but a band of earnest men and women who are willing to put personal vanity into their pockets and work for each other and for St. Louis. Such an organization the press would foster and the public would support.



HER TRIUMPH

BY CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE.

A SLENDER girl came down Santa Barbara's main thoroughfare at night, and entered Quibb's saloon. She wore the dark dress, the picturesque hat, of the Salvation Army. Before the big bar were a dozen little tables surrounded by the convivial. On a gaudy stage in the corner a woman in pink sang a song, accompanied by a piano which a haggard-faced man was pounding.

Quibb dispensed liquors over the bar. He was a big man, with massive red cheeks and beetling brows, under which keen eyes were forever shifting, forever comprehending all that occurred.

The girl paused a moment at the door, her face like a sweet tone in discord. A something timid in her manner appealed to the crowd, a something trustful and sorrowful in her eyes. Only one brow frowned, that of John Quibb.

She moved among tables. "*War Cry?*" she said.

One man bought. A maudlin fellow called after her in silly jest. The music pounded on, deafening; the woman in pink screeched and ogled; and John Quibb's eye comprehended everything. Through a rear door, men continually went, and the girl coming there looked into a dark passage. Quibb's eye was scorching her. Turning, she saw his stiff short hair, his red cheeks, his beetling brows. She grew paler; then walked through that rear door.

She came to a tiny room far back, whose ceiling was low and dirty, whose wall was hung with one old print of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair." Over a battered green table hung a fly-specked incandescent light; and round the dice, filling the room, crowded the gamblers.

"*War Cry?*" she said, flitting in.

Only the man who shook the dice-box seemed to hear. He was a young fellow, Harry Quibb, and he flinched. His voice, as he called out the indications of the dice, was halting. He was handsome, carelessly dressed; a lock of hair hanging over his forehead; a fast look on his lips; eyes brown and loveable. Now, as the money went jingling over the cloth and all the players jostled round, he heard her voice again, and would not look up. She passed very near him, and her arm touched his, at which she grew pink, looked frightened, and turned away

quickly. His eyes, suddenly flung up, found hers looking back, and they gazed at each other. Then young Quibb said: "I'll take one."

She handed the paper to him, and he, ashamed, tossed out the dice fiercely; while she half ran away. The little room was strange to-night; the little low door was henceforth a portal of her thoughts.

Yet another night she came. Glasses were foaming; a woman in blue sang; and the piano nigh split the ear. When she came in the door—a gentle, slim thing—John Quibb's eyes flashed round at her. She went quickly toward that little back room, but stood a long time in the passage fighting it out. She wanted to enter so badly that she feared she ought not. Yet that was her duty. Quivering, she glided in where a voice, calling out the indications of the dice, was heard.

"*War Cry?*" she said, faltering, looking down.

Now she moved toward Harry Quibb, who thrust forth his arm, as he shook the box, in such manner that she must graze it. Beholding that, she shrank; but the room was tiny; she shut her eyes and sprang by him—and she touched him with her sleeve.

Now the game was gone from him; now he forgot; and of a sudden they looked at each other. Quick shame came newly born to his cheeks; the dice, live before, died in his hand; for there was pity on her face. She looked frail, like a flower on a slender stem. When she turned and disappeared, that was like robbery to him, or the unexpected breakage of a fragile treasure.

"Gentlemen," he said, bewildered at himself, getting up, "the game will have to wait a minute."

The dice were dropped; the jostling, eager-eyed men crowded in more quickly, waiting, seeing him stride out of the little door.

She was flitting yonder through the passage toward the lights of the saloon.

"Wait a minute," he called, huskily. She turned in trepidation. "You're too good to be here," he said, blundering, standing a little way off in the gloom.

"Why, no," she answered, "this is the kind of place we hunt for."

"We're not worth it," he next said, convinced and bitter.

She stood up straighter; he never saw a face like hers before. "You're worth my whole life," she said, "if it would do any good."

He was drinking her eyes with the parched thirst of his heart. Then he said, abruptly: "You're the only thing that could."

Yonder the woman on the stage was singing—the cracked notes of her unpleasant song floated here a little softened. The babel of the saloon came here, too, on fume-laden draughts of air. He went back again, fast, to his dice. When she emerged in the saloon, she met the unendurable eyes of the elder Quibb, which, having pried into the darkness of the passage, seemed now to express rage. Yet all the convivial ones gazed on her with welcome. In his debauchery, man likes to think that he is tender.

Coming out of Quibb's place, one other midnight, she was like some plaything of the wind blown along the street from the sea. She was lonely, dreaming, not wanting ever to sleep any more. The saloons and houses had become dark, but there was a half moon. She came to the steps of the Methodist Church, and Harry Quibb sat there waiting.

"Don't run away," he pleaded; and her religion, to help the sinful, brought her back.

"What do you do it for?" he said, a little angry as with suffering; "just because they tell you to—or because you want to?"

Tears welled up in her eyes. "If that," she said, wounded, "is all you think of it—"

"I didn't mean that," cried he; "I know you're good down to the bottom of your heart."

"What else can I say to you," she asked, unsteadily, "to help you? Do you want to stop the dice?"

"I want to stop my whole low-down life, that's what I want," said he; "I want to die."

"I'd help you to stop the dice," she said, too trembling to more than whisper; "I'd do anything. I'd try to show you the way."

He seized her hand and held her; and she sank down on the step of the church. "But would you love me?" he cried.

All she could say after some time of silence was: "That isn't fair. Oh, you know that isn't fair."

He held her fingers a long while, and then she arose and walked on. "No," he said, putting his hand to his head, "that wasn't fair."

The elder Quibb, having slept till ten o'clock in the morning, came rolling into his place of business at eleven, hazy-eyed and brutal. There was but one customer; and yonder by the farthest frosted-glass window, staring blankly at the pane through which he could not see, was Quibb's son. The saloon-keeper grunted.

Half an hour having passed, the youth came and leaned over the bar. "Father," he said, "come into the back room."

Angry already, Quibb followed. In the empty hole of the dice, where the prancing horses at the fair looked dingy on the dingier wall, they faced each other, Quibb's eyes eating into the countenance of his son. With desperate determination, the youth said: "I'm going to quit."

Quibb ripped out an oath. "What'll you do, you fool?"

"I'll leave Santa Barbara and go to Riverside," said his son; "John Watts offered me a job on his orange ranch."

The saloon-keeper's hand fell on Harry Quibb's shoulder. "No, you won't!" bellowed he, like a bull; "you think I don't know what's the matter. It's that infernal girl. Half the profits come from this game. Say, if you quit, who would know how to handle the bones like I taught you?"

His anger was now reflected in his son, who cried, defiant: "The game's too dirty for Harry Quibb!"

At this Quibb's eyes came closer to the boy, and Quibb's breath blew hot over his face. "So that's your graft. You fool! Now listen. That girl has put this notion in your head. If you don't cut her short off and stick to this business like a man," Quibb raised his fist, "I'll kick her out of this saloon!"

That night, when the crowd in Quibb's place was thickest, she came. Her manner was a little timider than usual, and she put in her fair head, looking at the stage, before she entered. Her countenance was radiant.

When she passed among the tables, she forgot to say "*War Cry?*" any more; and the eyes of the elder Quibb, which, like an animal's, followed her every movement, drew from hers no answering glance.

Through the dark passage she now went, only to hover outside the gambling-room, her heart beating fast. When she entered at last, Harry Quibb's life once for all did there change. The dice-box fell out of his hand, and he arose. "Fellows," he said, oddly, never taking his eyes from hers; "I'm sorry to say that the game will have to stop for to-night."

Turning, they perceived her disappearing through the door. Thither strode young Quibb, after her, and disappeared, too. The culmination of her love for him having come, she was in too great a trembling to halt in the passage, but fled on into the saloon, where she encountered the indignant saloon-keeper. "Get out of this saloon," raged he, leaning over the bar,

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shaking his fist at her and speaking in such thunderous tones that the musician ceased his tumultuous pounding, and all other sounds were hushed. "Get out of this saloon, you sneaking little devil. Quibb's can get along from this night on without the Salvation Army. And if ever again," his fist came close to her face, where she shrank terrified against the wall, "you dare put your foot in here, I'll kick you out!"

And shaking the floor with his heavy tread, he rounded the end of the bar, walked to the spot where she crouched, and seized her arm.

At that the silence became uproar, the resentment of the crowd having grown into anger. A dozen men sprang at Quibb and flung him off; a table was overturned, glasses went crashing to the floor; and the saloon-keeper was thrown backward against the bar.

In the subsequent momentary lull, Harry Quibb was heard running up the passage. One of those who had seized the saloon-keeper now broke out as outraged spokesman for the crowd. "Shame on you! You shan't touch her. There's not a saloon in town that doesn't welcome here. What harm do they do, answer me that? The boys won't stand for it, Quibb, you beast, they won't stand for it."

The saloon-keeper's son, white, having now entered, stood strong and defiant between the girl and his father, and his eyes flashed. "Don't you dare to touch her again," said he, his voice husky.

"So the cub is going to dictate, hey?" rasped Quibb; "and you men, what is it to you? Ain't I master of my own place? I tell you now," here he struck the bar with his clenched fist, "I'll keep them meddling women out of my place if I hang for it!"

With that he lunged at the girl again, so that father and son seemed on the point of grappling. But others running between averted the struggle. A light broke on Quibb. He gazed dully about and saw that the faces of his customers looked dangerous. So he growled, and went back behind the bar, and glared over it, saying no more.

Now Harry Quibb turned to the girl and took her arm, gently. Dazed, she went with him across the room to the door. There he turned. "Thank you, gentlemen," said he, now bloodless and quiet; and he led her out, amid cheers.

An hour later they stood by the steps of the church. "You must never go there again," he said, firmly.

"I must," she said; "at least, even if afterward I ceased. They must know that the Army cannot be conquered by fear." She paused, then added: "I will go to-morrow night. I am not afraid."

This overcame him, and he said: "I love you. I want to quit my life. I want to come into yours, and I want you to come into some new one of mine. But I can't join the Army—I'm not made for that. And I don't want you to belong to it, either. I couldn't stand it. If I go half way to you, you can come half way to me. We'll move to Riverside. Come—love me—I have left the saloon; and you'll leave this and come to me."

She could not answer, drooping on the steps. He cried again: "Won't you leave this dreadful life—won't you marry me?"

She stammered that she could not be sure; she said she would see; she said she would pray over it to-morrow with her brothers and sisters of the Army.

"But when can I know—I can't wait for you. Your heart's mine already, and you've got to be mine, too."

She could not keep his arms away or stop his kiss. "I'll see," she murmured, as if the struggle made her sick. "I'll see to-morrow what I ought to do. To-morrow night, when I come, if I wear this dress you'll know that I can't. But if I wear," he was holding her as if never to let her go, "a gray one I used to have before I joined the Army, then you will know that I can."

"May I have the license ready in my pocket?" he asked.

"Then what if I wore this dress?" she said.

"At least," he answered, "then I could keep it to remember you by. Oh, let me have the license ready in my pocket."

"Well," she murmured, "you may have it ready."

The breeze was damp on the night of the morrow; even the dust that blew around the door of Quibb's saloon seemed sluggish as if it knew the rain would come.

The saloon was unusually crowded that night. Now the music began its tumult, and the frayed comedienne came laughing on the stage. At the same moment the door opened and the same fair face that

had appeared there every night, appeared there again, pale. The maid of the Army walked in and gazed about, with appealing eyes. There fell a hush on the crowd, which looked from her to Quibb, and back to her again, ready to fight for her. Only the frayed comedienne sneered; and on the morose countenance of Quibb was an impotent scowl. Then the crowd began to murmur. "She looks different." "It's her dress," said they.

She came across the floor, a slip of a thing, to prove the steadfastness of the Salvation Army. "War Cry?" she said, so low that one could scarcely hear. "War Cry?" And immediately her wares were nearly all sold.

Now, under the scowl of Quibb, she went into the passage. The keeper's son, fiercely throwing the dice for the last time over the green cloth, heard her soft voice behind him at the door.

"War Cry?"

He had been afraid to sit where he might see her without warning. He would not turn, being afraid still, knowing that everything depended on this sight of her. What if she wore the Army gown and the picturesque hat? Again her voice was heard behind him. She could not go any further; she was not trying to sell; she did not see anything but his cheek turned away. Her tones became heart pleading to him to look at her.

"War Cry?"

Now he could wait no more, but turned. In the midst of the gamblers she stood, like a lily that will break. And her dress was gray!

He arose. "Fellows," he said, dreamily, "the game is done."

Forgetting to drop the dice-box, he carried it in his hand as he and the girl walked out together. They threaded the passage and stepped into the glare of the saloon. Between the eyes of the elder Quibb and the expectant faces of the crowd they moved, he holding to her arm. At the door he paused an instant and turned to meet the gaze of the spectators. She, too, turned, smiling a little.

"Gentlemen," said he, "my wife."

The glass door swung open, swung shut, and Harry Quibb and his bride were gone.

From The Argonaut.

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NEW BOOKS

John Lane, of New York, is the publisher of "The Twilight of the Gods, and Other Tales," by Richard Garnett. There are twenty-eight short tales in this volume. What they represent is the genuinely intellectual in fiction. The author's scholarly proclivities are well reflected on every page. We are introduced to saints and sages, popes, emperors and cardinals. Imperial Rome and the Italy of the Renaissance rise before our mental vision in reading the pages of these stories. History consorts with allegory, truth with fiction, tragedy with comedy, love with hate. To people of cultivated taste, and fond of the seriously thoughtful, the volume under review should prove welcome fiction literature. We reproduce the following lines from the "Twilight of the Gods": "She then began to reflect very seriously on the subject of her own morals. 'This day,' she said to herself, 'I have renounced all the gods, and told lies enough to last me my life, and for no other reason than that I am in love. If this is a sufficient reason, lovers must have a different code of morality from the rest of the world, and indeed it would appear that they have. Will you die for me? Yes. Admirable. Will you lie for me? No. Then you don't love me.'" Like everything else coming from this publishing house, the volume is handsomely bound and clearly printed.

"Mara," the latest of the Pansey series, written by Mrs. G. R. Aldrich, furnishes good and somewhat pretentious summer reading. It is decidedly feminine throughout, inasmuch as it contains the life-experiences of four fair ones, who had been friends and school-mates at the same boarding-school. Love plays a prominent part, of course, and gives the requisite flavor of passion to the 341 pages of the volume. While the purely sentimental predominates, and comes at times perilously close to sanctimonious pathos, the story holds our interest to the close. "Mara" compares well with the better sort of fiction of the present day. It should prove popular with readers who look for fiction that entertains and does not involve much strain upon the intellectual and moral apparatus. The volume is neatly bound and illustrated. Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

"The Vulgarians," by Edgar Fawcett, deals with modern plutocratic life in America. The author sketches the frivolous inanities of parvenu millionaires in his characteristically incisive style. The scenes are laid in New York and a "swell" summer resort. The story is extremely light in substance, but still of a most readable character. The book is elegantly bound and illustrated. The Smart Set Publishing Co., New York. Price, \$1.00.

"The Dominant Strain," by Anna Chapin Ray, is a novel that does not stray much beyond the field of trivial conventionality in modern fiction. It lacks style and logical sequence and deals with characters who are not particularly interesting. The hero is "Cotton" Mather Thayer, in whose veins courses Puritan and Slav blood. The central idea of the narrative is the futility of a woman's attempt to lift a man up to her moral standard after marriage. The painfully obvious faults of the book are somewhat offset by good descriptions of social life in New York. Published by Little, Brown Co., Boston, Mass.

"A Japanese Garland," by Florence Peltier, is a little volume intended for juvenile readers. It contains a series of tales which a Japanese boy tells his little American girl and boy friends. At the end of each tale, the meetings wind up with various entertainments. The volume gives interesting glimpses of Japanese life and customs, and furnishes the sort of reading that should appeal strongly to the minds of intelligent ju-

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veniles. The illustrations are by G. Yeto, the well-known Japanese artist. Published by Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

The 1903 edition of "Moody's Manual of Corporation Securities," lately issued, contains over 2,400 pages, covering about eleven thousand different enterprises. It gives all the particulars bearing upon properties owned and controlled, capitalization and bonded debt, dividends paid, financial condition and earnings, officers, managers and directors, addresses and everything else that is of interest to financiers, speculators and investors. Moody's Manual is superior to every other publication of its kind in its systematic treatment of corporation reports and statements. One of its many distinguishing features is the accurate information it gives of all the banks and trust companies in the United States. The railroad telegraph, telephone, mining and other corporations are treated of in exhaustive fashion. The list of industrial corporations is complete and the information given absolutely trustworthy. The volume likewise contains a complete list of all the important stock exchanges of this country and Canada, together with a roster of the members of each institution. Taken all in all, Moody's Manual, for 1903, must be regarded as the standard authority in the field of finance and investment. It should be in the possession of everyone who is in the least interested in matters of this kind. Published by John Moody, 35 Nassau St., New York, N. Y.

Parts VI and VII of "Representative Art of Our Time" have just made their appearance. Part VI, treats of pastel painting and part VII of the art and practice of monotyping in color. In the former we find six exquisite plates affixed to heavy mounts, suitable for framing. Among them are: "The Last Load," by Arnesby Broom; "Ouvriers," by Steinlen; "Kitty," by George Clausen, and "Thais, Design for a Fan," by Charles Conder. The last named is particularly striking and noteworthy. One of the most beautiful features of part VII is "Boats in a Breeze," from the drawing by Gaston La Touche. This unique and elegant series is published by John Lane, New York.

An article of great interest in the July number of the "Booklovers' Magazine" is that by Professor W. E. B. DuBois, of Atlanta University. It dwells at length upon the remarkable achievements of the negro in the United States since the close of the Civil War. The article is excellently illustrated. There is also a well-written critical review of the career of the late Bret Harte by Professor Hancock, of Haverford College. The number contains the usual fine spread of "the best new things from the world of print," with many illustrations. The Library Publishing Co., 1323 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A notable feature of the July number of "The Reader" is John J. a' Becket's article on "The Catholic in Fiction." It is written strictly from a Catholic standpoint. Some of the views expressed by the author are decidedly caustic, as where he says that "Mrs. Humphrey Ward is far more offensive to the Catholic than the petulant Mr. Bagot, because she is more intellectual; her antagonism to the church is more virulent, and it is displayed with insidiousness. She gets in her work by the obtrusion of a dispassionate, philosophic spirit, with not even a flicker of humor to derogate from it." Among the other numerous contributors to this number are William J. Lampton, Sewell Ford, Bert Lester Taylor and Bliss Carmen. "The Reader" is still up to the high standard which it set itself in the first number. The Reader Publishing Co., 10 West 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

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(Cut this out.)

HOW TO FLIRT

I think, like matrimony, flirting is harder than it looks. If one understands the art, there is no more enjoyable method of whiling away an hour, than by flirting. There are two kinds of flirts—men and women. The latter are worse.

To start a flirtation: Talk of wasted chances to a married woman; be cynical with a debutante; plous with an actress, and risque with the churchwoman.

Have a Past. The young man with a Past is a young man with a future, in flirting. Use the "Rapt Gaze." You will have to practice this before your mirror. Then there is the "Blaze Face," the "Ennui Yawn" and the "Innocent Eye." Be very careful how and when you employ these. If, for instance, you are flirting with an expert, and try the "Rapt Gaze," you will be classed by her as an amateur.

It is well to hint at dark tragedies in your life. In short, the whole secret of successful flirting is to arouse a woman's curiosity, and never satisfy it.

If a widow should tell you you resemble her dead husband, bow and retire. You are up against it. Don't get the reputation of being gauche for saying malapropos things, by discussing marriage with women who are married.

Do not ask a woman if you may kiss her. This is not done in society. That is, such a request is never made.

The voice is very important. A well-groomed voice is half the battle in the Conservatory. Practice modulations and "thrills." Don't attempt to flirt, at dinner, with a Golf girl. At that stage her roast is much more interesting than you are. Wait till she is through. She's through when she sighs.

Flirting is like boxing—dangerous when one party to it is 'unskilled.' Be careful, or a flirtation, innocently entered into, may lead you into an engagement.

These hints are for men; women need none.—N. Y. Life.

RESENTING AT LEISURE

An inquiring bachelor sent out postal cards to the married men of a town in Western New York with the inquiry, "Why did you marry?" The following are a few of the responses:

"That's what I have been trying for eleven years to find out.—X." "Married to get even with her mother, but never have.—W." "Because Sarah told me that five other young men had proposed to her. C." "The father thought eight years' courtin' was almost enough.—B." "I was tired of buying ice-cream and candies, and going to theaters and church, and wanted a rest. Have saved money.—J." "Please don't stir me up.—E." "Because I did not have the experience I have now.—G." "That's the same question that my friends ask me.—C. H." "I wanted a companion of the opposite sex. P. S.—She is still opposite.—A." "Because it is just my luck.—P. J." "I yearned for some company. We now have it all the time.—Karl." "Have exhausted all the figures in the arithmetic to figure out an answer to your question; between multiplication and division in the family, and distraction in addition, the answer is hard to arrive at.—Old Man." "I married to get the best wife in the world.—Simon." "Because I asked her if she'd have me. She said she would. She's got me.—Blivins."—From "A Budget of Anecdotes," by George Seton.

A HOME SERMON

An Atchison woman yesterday was nervous, unhappy and restless. She was in the habit of going to church regularly, and the heavy rain, combined with a bad cold, kept her at home. She was so plainly unhappy and ill at ease that her husband decided to come to her rescue. "We will have services at home, my dear," he said, and she, glad to see evidence of an awakening spirit, consented. "You be the choir," he said, "and I will preach." After a song by the "choir," the "preacher" opened up

his sermon, and for one whole hour he scolded women who gossip, who spend money wastefully, who neglect their homes, who belong to card clubs, and who gad. His wife was in tears before he had talked ten minutes, and was screaming so the neighbors heard her before the "sermon" was concluded. "That's just the way," grumbled the husband. "You women think it is all right for preachers to scold, but when husbands begin it, you think you are terribly abused."—Atchison Globe.

HIS REASONS

"And so you refuse even to make the effort to enter into society."

In response to his friend's protest the tall, handsome man bowed in silent assent.

"It is too much to ask," he said. "I have spent a life in hard work, and I need the rest."

His friend laughed.

"Nonsense!" he replied; "you are in the prime of life, have accumulated millions, and are just the man. What is the particular thing that makes you hesitate?"

"If you must know," said the other, "it is this: I don't know whether to wear a Tuxedo coat with a white tie, or whether a black waistcoat should ever be worn with a full dress or not. Is it proper to wear a black tie with a dress coat, or a white tie with a white waistcoat, or a black tie with a black waistcoat? Shall I say 'waistcoat' or 'vest,' and shall I say 'full dress' or 'evening dress?' Do I want a velvet or a silk collar on my coat, and when shall I wear an opera hat and when a silk hat? Would it be proper to wear an opera hat with a sweater, or a silk hat with a flannel shirt? Is it right to wear a frock coat before breakfast, and how many studs shall I have in my shirt bosom? Again, shall my shirt cuffs be round or square? Some say round, some say square. These are questions that torture me. No, no, my friend, I cannot take up this burden."

And his friend shook his hand in silent sympathy. He understood at last.—From Life.

COLD SAVES THE UNIVERSE

Heat can exist only where there is an atmosphere, and then it must be constantly supplied with fuel to overcome the law of constant repulsion and diffusion. Cold is the absence of heat and exists everywhere. It overcomes disintegration and preserves the universe. It enforces the universal law of the electric attraction and makes cohesion of atoms and worlds.

Cold must predominate to preserve the universe. There is a billion times a billion more cold in the universe than heat. There always has been and there always will be. The heat of the sun, compared with the cold that surrounds it, is as a mustard seed to Jupiter. The earth's heat, in comparison to the cold that surrounds it, is as an orange to the solar system.

Then what folly to talk of the universe having begun in white heat, and the earth having been a molten world, and the sun's great burning spheres.—G. W. Warder in July Booklovers' Magazine.

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SOCIETY

With the first of July, Society's summer siesta began in earnest. All the fashionable weddings have taken place, and none are announced for an earlier date than the latter part of September.

Many of the smart people have already gone away, and those whose intentions are in that direction will have departed by the first week in July. There is nothing to interest the fashionable stay-at-homes but golf and the automobile. The latter sport—for sport it is—is daily increasing. The golf games at the country clubs have been followed with zest and animation. The match between the Glen Echo and the Country Club brought together all the golf lovers, active and passive, of the two matching clubs as well as the other fashionable organizations of out-of-door life.

Capt. and Mrs. George S. McGrew had for their guests, during the tournament, Judge and Mrs. Crews, Mrs. John A. Loader and Col. Bull, U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Scudder are staying at home this summer, devoting themselves to the golf links and the automobile fad.

A most charmingly entertained visitor during the week was Mrs. William Thornton, of Kansas City, the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Haley, of Cabanne. Mrs. Haley, who is Mrs. Thornton's sister-in-law, entertained informally on several afternoons and evenings with dinner parties and small recep-

tions, and Mrs. Sam Johnson gave a delightful luncheon, with covers laid for six, in honor of the fair Kansas City matron.

Mr. and Mrs. George Steedman, whose marriage was the fashionable event of last Saturday, sail from New York for Liverpool to-day. They will spend the summer in travel with no particularly long stay to be made anywhere save in London and Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Prevost passed through St. Louis last week from the Virginia resorts. During their brief stay in this city they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Luyties, of Lindell boulevard. They left for Mexico, a few days ago. During part of the summer they will be located at the Pacific coast resorts.

Mrs. Charlotte Hoffman will chaperone in summer travel abroad Miss Lily Lambert, of Vandeventer place. They will sail from New York on July 7 and go direct to Paris, where Mr. Jordan Lambert is now located. He will accompany his sister to Switzerland before returning home.

Mrs. Frank Overton Suire, of Cincinnati, who was the charming Miss Marian Lindsey, came back with Miss Mary Semple Scott, one of the bridesmaids at the Steedman-Howard wedding last week. Miss Scott had been the guest of Mrs. Suire for several weeks.

Among the lately returned European travelers are Mrs. J. B. Case, formerly of Kirkwood, and Miss Wilkinson, who accompanied Mrs. Case on her six months' jaunt.

Mrs. Frank E. Kauffman, of Washington boulevard, is in New York, prior to going to the Maine coast resorts for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo E. Anderson, of Lindell boulevard, have arranged to go to New Mexico with their entire family. Their longest stay will be made in Las Vegas, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hazlett Grosse. Mrs. Grosse is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson.

Mrs. Henry C. Haarstick, and her daughter, Mrs. O. Herf, of Russell avenue, will leave, early next week, for Rye Beach, where they bought a beautiful seaside home a few weeks ago.

Mr. Samuel M. Dodd and his nieces, the Misses Dodd, will move into their new home in Vandeventer place next week. Mr. Dodd purchased the D. D. Walker residence, which he has had beautifully decorated and furnished.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Meier, with Mrs. Meier's sister, Miss Zoe Cole, of Memphis, Tenn., are at Harbor Point, Mich., for the summer. Later they will be joined by their son, Duncan Meier, who is at college in the East.

Judge John M. Wood and family go to California, next week, to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Perley Hutchinson, whose marriage took place last week, are in New York. From there they will go to Atlantic City, N. J., and on their return at the end of July will reside at "The Oaks," with Judge and Mrs. McKeighan, until their own Webster Groves home, across the street from "The Oaks," is completed.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Adreon, Jr., are in Saratoga, where they will remain for several weeks. The Adreons will not return to St. Louis till late in September, having arranged to visit several Eastern watering places during the heated term.

Mr. and Mrs. Caspar Koehler leave for New York, to-day, to meet their daughters, who were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Zabriskie, at Auburn. New York. From New York the Koehlers will sail for Europe, to remain away all summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John Scullin will summer at their beautiful farm in New Hampshire. During part of the season they will have for their guests Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Ruf, accompanied by their niece, have gone to New York. They intend sailing on the "La

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Savole" July 2d, and will spend the summer in Germany, Denmark and Russia, returning about October 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Kaiser are at their South Haven, Mich., cottage, "The Shanty." Their niece, Miss Lotta Luckow, is with them.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Drummond are in New York, where they will remain for a fortnight before sailing for a short European trip.

Dr. and Mrs. T. Griswold Comstock are in the city, having lately returned from their winter home at Pasadena, Cal.

Mrs. Emma Copelin, with Mr. and Mrs. Harold Tittmann, will summer at Magnolia Beach during part of the season, going from there to some of the Canadian resorts.

Mr. Martin Collins left for his summer home at Oconomowoc, last week. During part of the season, he will reside at Waukesha Springs.

Mrs. Heister Clymer gave up her apartments at the Westmoreland Hotel and is now occupying her beautiful summer residence in the county.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Kilpatrick are in New York, from where they will sail for Europe in a few days. Misses Lois and Elise Kilpatrick will make the journey with their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin L. Ridgeley returned from New York, whither they went immediately after the death of Mr. William H. Lee. Mr. and Mrs. Ridgeley will not go away for the summer until the month of August.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Waterworth and Mr. and Mrs. John Waterworth will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wyman at the latter's summer residence in Maine.

Mrs. Josephine Webber, of 5100 Kensington avenue, will leave on July 1st, to spend the summer at Detroit with her son, Arthur R. Webber, who is now a resident there.

Mr. Sidney M. Shoenberg, accompanied by his cousin, Mr. Morton May, of Cleveland, Ohio, left Monday evening for Denver, Colo. After a week's visit with Mr. May's parents they will be joined by Mr. Tom C. May and a guide and will tour the Colorado mountains—hunting, fishing and enjoying typical camp life for six weeks. Their many friends expect to see some wonderful game upon their return to the city.

Mr. J. C. Strauss, the photographer, will leave the city, on the fifth, for an extended cruise of the great lakes in the splendid yacht, Sappho, the property of Commodore M. Joseph Steffens, of the Chicago Yacht Club. Commodore Steffens has invited a small number of the most prominent photographers to spend some three or four weeks with him on this cruise. A portion of the time will be devoted to fishing in Georgian Bay, Canada. Mr. Gustave Cramer, the veteran Dry Plate Manufacturer, is also one of the party. Mr. Strauss will be accompanied by his secretary, Mr. Lewis Godlove.

Mr. Whitelaw Sanders gave a stag party, Friday evening, for his friends, "Tom" Bridwell, of Evansville, Ind.; Fielding Thatcher, O. R. Hight, Wayne Arey, of Chicago; Dennis O'Neil, of Omaha; and Edwin L. Pike, of Newport, R. I.

It was a Japanese affair, and the lower floors of Mr. Sanders' mansion were decorated with lanterns, fans, umbrellas, posters and palms. The punch was served in the reception hall in a pagoda-like arrangement of umbrellas. Lunch was announced shortly after midnight and was served by waiters in Japanese costumes. The town guests were selected from the West End boys and Harry A. Burkhard, from Koerner's Garden.

In the very coziest of studios, exquisitely accoutred, where is strewn in artistic, careless profusion "objets de vertu," the tout ensemble imparting an "atmosphere-bonhomie" not to be resisted, was held, a few evenings ago, quite the most delightful recital-reception of the season, given in honor of Miss Margaret Frances Stone, by Mrs. Carolyn Irwin Mehring. Miss Edna Teahan recited, in brilliant-hued Spanish costume, E. D. McDowell's dramatic love tale, "Wild Zingarella." Miss Teahan's beautiful black hair, falling in soft waves around her person and, pretty, piquant face, served to heighten her really clever rendition of the selection, which was encored to the echo. Then, Mrs. Horace Krake impersonated a young matron giving "Her Cuban Tea" under what proved to be most laughable difficulties. Mrs. Krake made of her a fascinatingly ingeniously ingenious creature, and her efforts were heartily applauded. Another monologue, "The Sweet Girl Graduate," was given by Miss Pearl Wickersham. Sprightly, vivacious, full of peccant conceit, an irresistible maiden, such was Miss Wickersham's graduate. She, too, most deservedly, received, as Theatians express it, a generous "hand." Music, from classical to ragtime, and fancy dancing completed this most entertaining of programmes. After the serving of refreshments, a number of guests departed, leaving the hostess and her more intimate friends to revel in the delights of pleasant, semi-controversial converse. Mr. and Mrs. Mehring are charming as host and hostess, and the latter, as her pupil's "play-acting" demonstrated, a most capable instructress. Among others present were Mrs. Acton, Mr. Ernest Richardson, "Bill" Sykes, of Texas, Mr. Lewis D. Goodman, L. L. D., and Mr. Samuel Allendar.

WHAT RILED HIM

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SUMMER SHOWS

The artistic violin playing of Mr. Maurice Spyer, a local orchestra leader, who debuts at the Highlands this week, deviates from the straight out-and-out fun of the entire programme in a very effective way. Every other act, with the exception of "The Holy City" song, rendered by George Jones and illustrated by the Bioscope, has nothing but laughs coming. A big novelty bill is announced for next week. It is headed by the famous Marco Twins, English Eccentrics, who come to St. Louis direct from the London Music Halls. They have never been seen here. James J. Morton, the nonsensical man, Burke's musical dogs, a troupe of canine bell ringers without equal, Claudius and Corbin, banjoists, Mazzuz and Mazette, and a re-engagement of Lew Hawkins, with new songs and monologues, are the other promises for a week's good entertainment.

Banda Rossa has not lost any of its old-time popularity, indeed, the reception accorded it was most flattering. Well-sustained tones and exquisite light and shade work won unstinted applause. An encore was played to each number, so vociferous were the "hands." Walker's diving horses are attracting a deal of attention, as well they may; their intelligence is remarkable.

Mr. Lawrence Hanley, in his favorite role, "Romeo," gave one of the most finished interpretations of that character seen in St. Louis for many a long day. His reading, in every line, bespoke the old-school actor. Miss Bateman, as "Juliet," was charmingly girlish; her most effective acting, however, was done in the two last scenes. Scenic effects were abreast of the usual Captain Rice stand-

ard, which is synonymous of saying they were all and more than one might expect of a summer garden. Talk of versatility; how about the "jump" made by the Koerner company, this week, compared with last week's offering? And the beauty of it all, the "jump" has been made most successfully. Mr. Hanley, Miss Bateman and the entire company are to be congratulated; they're doing good work.

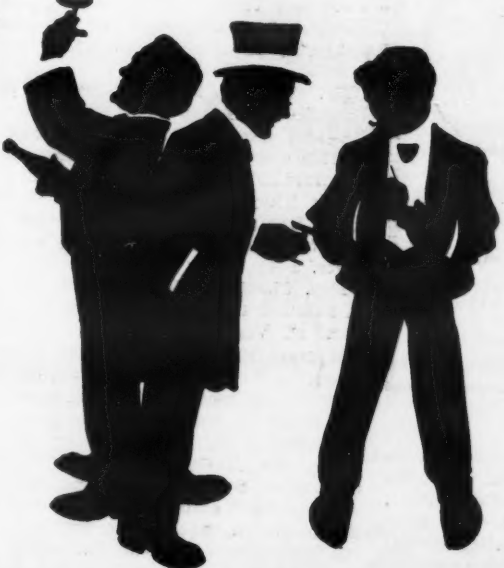
"The Belle of New York," though presented here so often, is being received with great enthusiasm at Delmar Garden, this week. "Fifi" is made the most fetching role in the comedy; indeed, Miss Nellie V. Nichols is scoring quite a hit by her interpolation of the pretty, sprightly song, "Hiawatha," which she renders very effectively. The chorus has improved wonderfully and is in better voice than ever before this season. No one seems to come up to Edna May's "Army Lassie," yet, withal, the character is pleasingly interpreted. All in all, "The Belle" is the best production the Garden has offered this summer.

BRET HARTE WAS MASTER

Bret Harte deserved his great reputation. He was not, in the large sense, an overwhelming genius. He was an artist who, like Cellini or Teniers or Meissonier, wrought exquisitely and perfectly within certain definite bounds. Everybody, even Max Nordau with his pessimistic view of all things modern, will admit that he is an absolute master of the short story, and that his tales of the mining camps will live as long as men are interested in the early history of the Golden Gate.

As an artist, within his limitations, he has again and again touched the highest reaches of imaginative creation. It may all be true that his plots are melodramatic, that he cannot develop a character, that he cannot sustain himself for a long continuous effort; but, in spite of these things, he does see life in the broad wholeness of its double aspect. The profoundest creators are all face to face with the fact that life is a riddle—a paradox of humor and pathos. Only a shift in the point of view is needed to change the smiles into tears. He, therefore, is the greatest master of the mystery of human nature who can see his characters in that puzzling complexity which calls at once for merriment and infinite pity. Shakespeare had this conception of life, and so had Cervan-

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NEW YORK.

tes when he sent his Don Quixote—the buffoon and the hero in one—off on his ludicrous quest. And Bret Harte, in his minor way, had the same feeling that it was only the standpoint which made life divertingly comic or pitifully tragic. The instances of this are almost as numerous as his stories.

So, we may say that while Bret Harte occupies a unique position as the imaginative historian of the Argonauts and the days of '49 in California, his greatest merit as a humanist is his perception and revelation of the dual significance of life.—Professor A. E. Hancock in July Booklovers Magazine.

WHY CAIN DIDN'T GO TO COLLEGE.

"But he promised me all kinds of knowledge," sobbed Eve, referring to the Serpent.

"Maybe he was a university drummer," replied Adam, a great light breaking upon him.

Later, they resolved to get even by not sending Cain to college.—New York Tribune.

NERVOUS

At a recent church service, when the preacher was at his best, and every one was attentive, there was a sudden scream at the back of the house. It was found that a nervous woman had been watching a big fat woman fan, and the regularity and monotony of the manner in which she moved the fan back and forth was too much for the nervous woman, and she screamed, "O, move it faster or slower, just once!"—Atchison Globe.

THE COMING MAN

"Mrs. Frisbie is suing her husband for divorce."

"Indeed? What is the trouble?"

"Well, she says she tried not to mind when Mr. Frisbie used her curling irons, wore her shirt waists and borrowed her collar buttons. But when he began to go through her pockets and extract her small change, after she was asleep, she felt that patience had ceased to be a virtue."



MEN WHO COME TO US

For their shirt needs are now offered special opportunities to save money. Just received from the finest shirt maker in the United States their entire sample lines, all new and very choice—not all sizes of each pattern, but many patterns in sizes 14½, 15 and 15½. The saving is ¼ to ½ regular prices.

85c UP TO \$2

Werner Bros.

The Republic Building,
On Olive Street at Seventh.

TOILET ACCESSORIES

The bath used merely to mean water, a towel, a wash-cloth and a bit of soap. Now it means infinitely more. "My Lady's" bath must be exquisitely perfumed, must be soft to her delicate skin; she must have not just any sort of towel, but several kinds and of the best material, and one must be rather silky of texture and one coarse, still another of different fibre, while an article which greatly enhances the delights of a properly prepared bath—the Russian sponge—is quite an indispensable acquisition. Then one finds one must have a bath-mitten and, too, to complete the programme, one must needs use the cooling "baby" powder, which renders the flesh so velvety, so smooth. After the bath there is still another luxury one may enjoy—the ever invigorating, health-giving massage, when one may have, now gently, now vigorously, kneaded into the skin some one of the many splendid pomades or skin foods and creams, imparting that fine glow so desirable of possession by either man or dainty femininity. There—I didn't say a word about soaps. Soap, the something which plays so important a role in the good bath. One must be careful ever to obtain soaps made by the best manufacturers of saponaceous articles. Reliable firms, mind, well-known, reliable firms will not think of attempting to sell you other than goods which they know they may safely recommend. The purity of soap being assured—then is your bath complete. Never purchase a cheap grade soap—it is ruinous to the complexion. Then, one's teeth are to be thought of. A good dentifrice is an article of necessity, absolute necessity. Judicious care of the teeth will save you many a dentist's bill, besides making the teeth look pretty and white. Next to be thought of is the care of one's tresses. A careful brushing given the hair each night before retiring will produce, in a surprisingly short time, a lustre to the hair the beauty of which will amply repay you for your time and trouble. I would caution you, however, to purchase only a strong, firm bristled brush. A poor brush is an abomination. To make the hands a pure, lily white, there is nothing, not even excepting the many lotions on the market, that will make them quite so white as will the wearing of rubber gloves. The treatment, I admit, is a bit strenuous in this,

A HASTY
PUDDING

is no trouble at all if you have a good gas range.

No dirty coal, soot or ashes to spoil your clothes—No sweltering hot kitchen to spoil your temper, but just enough heat to cook the food, with the least possible expenditure of time, energy and money.

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GAS
LIGHT
CO.**



The cause of the cause.
What's the cause of most of the crime in the world? Drink! And what's the cause of drinking? Thirst! What's the cause of so many St. Louis men's scorn of Old Sol? Cool togs! And who's the cause of the cool togs? MacCarthy-Evans.

Porous, perfect fitting suits—\$25 to \$45. Just as light trousers, \$5 to \$15.

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the heated season, but—oh, the results obtained! glorious!

I'm not going to bore you by writing whole columns about it, but—after having gone thus far—let me bid you, nay, implore you, to drop on dainty kerchief or gown only the most delicate perfume. I sometimes think one's good or bad characteristics may be made quite obvious by the quality of one's sweet or illy smelling extracts.

Now, then, dress in your most charming costume, powder your face nicely and tell Jack you're ready to have that snapshot taken. Talking of things photographic, reminds one that a camera affords one more real enjoyment than any one article that I can, at present, bring to mind. It is such jolly fun to "snap" folks and then on one's vacation—why a camera is like beauty: a thing of joy forever.

Now, all these things of which I have written and many, many other things besides may best and most satisfactorily be obtained at the most reliable of druggists in St. Louis—Judge & Dolph's. The firm you know to be "on the square" and strictly up-to-date. Judge & Dolph's is at 515 Olive Street.

UNIVERSITY

"A university," said John Henry Newman, "is in its essence a place for the communication and circulation of thought by means of personal intercourse."

That was some years ago.

Now a university is in its essence a group of buildings costing 15 millions, containing apparatus costing 10 millions, and in the custody of a faculty whose salaries foot up 5 millions, where young

persons, regardless of religious beliefs, provided only they have the dollars, may learn to use tobacco and slang.—Life.



"THE VOTER"

"The Voter," a monthly magazine published by Harry Barret Chamberlin, Chicago, is the latest proponent for journalistic honors. Judging it by the initial numbers it is likely to become the chosen mouthpiece of that class of urban and suburban voters which believes in the subjection of partisan political prejudices to the cause of good local government and civic reform.

Mr. Chamberlin, the editor and publisher, is one of the best known newspapermen in this country. As war correspondent of the old Chicago Record he was the only reporter who was actually present at the destruction of Cervera's fleet. His political activity in Chicago during the past few years as Secretary of the Municipal Voters League has been largely responsible for the notable victories lately won there in the cause of civic reform.

"The Voter's" list of contributors contains the names of some of the best known statesmen, politicians, and publicists of both the great political parties in all parts of the United States, and gives good promise of becoming the national "organ" of the growing non-partisan reform movement in American city life.



"How do you like my new slippers?" said the up-to-date girl.
"Oh, they are simply immense," replied the man who tried to be complimentary.
—New York Press.



BIG FOUR

St. Louis to New York.
St. Louis to Boston.
St. Louis to Cincinnati.

Father Knickerbocker:

"Porter, order my breakfast in the Dining Car. I have had a splendid night's rest and have a good appetite. The Big Four is the smoothest road I ever saw."

TICKET OFFICE,
Broadway and Chestnut Street,
C. L. HILLEARY, A. G. P. A. St. Louis.

TIME, OF COURSE

Freddy—Grandpa, did you once have hair like snow?
Grandpa—Yes, my boy.
Freddy—Well, who shoveled it off?—Smart Set.

NEW RACE TRACK

Broken records should be numerous at the new Union Jockey Club track, when that course is opened for racing. If the expectations of the engineers who have planned its construction are fulfilled. On account of a new system of grading, it is believed that the track will be as fast as the Washington Park course in Chicago.

In place of having the surface of the track one dead level, with banking only at the turns, the experts in charge will construct it with slight differences in grade at varying points. These gradients, which will be almost imperceptible to the naked eye, are designed to relieve the muscles of animals running over the track.

The theory advanced is that different sets of muscles are called into play as the grade changes. The Washington Park track is so constructed, and, though of the same soil and surface as the other Chicago courses, is faster. Its extreme speed is credited to its method of construction. The system will be tried at the Union Race Track.

Work on the new course has progressed most favorably, so far as the surveying and laying out of the grounds is concerned, and the course is expected to be practically completed when winter sets in. The first meeting will be held next spring, and it is thought the new track will prove the fastest ever built here.

Situated, as it is, at the northwest corner of the Natural Bridge road and Union avenue, the track is readily accessible from downtown. It can be reached by either the Suburban or the Spring avenue division of the Transit company, and the Lee avenue line may be extended to reach the course next year.

The track will lie diagonally across the site of 100 acres, leased at the junction of the streets named, the grandstand being located well back from Union boulevard on the Natural Bridge road. The stabling will be at the western edge of the grounds and the belt line, reaching the World's Fair grounds, will skirt the edges of the track.

The grandstand will face slightly to the northeast, its western end being extended slightly towards the northwest. This will keep the sun directly in the rear of patrons in the stand at all stages of the afternoon. The clubhouse will lie between the stand and Natural Bridge road.

P. J. Carmody, manager of the new undertaking, expressed the desire to have as many small stockholders as possible in the new venture. He believes that the interests of racing can best be conserved by having control of the course in the hands of a large body of stockholders, rather than to have the course handled by a certain clique with only their own interests to look after.

Accordingly, subscriptions for even one share, at \$25 each, are received from any person desiring to become a stockholder. That the new undertaking will be successful goes without saying, owing to the personnel of those behind the enterprise.

The interests of the horsemen will be well looked after by the establishment of liberal stakes and handicaps. The first meeting of the track will be held next spring.

From the terms of the lease on the grounds, which was secured at favorable figures, it is believed that the profits of the new venture will be large. The experience of race tracks in this city shows this, especially where the public has been made to see that racing and not gambling is to be considered first.

The Kinloch meeting of 1902 was the best instance of how the public will support a course where they are convinced that their interests will be considered as well as those of the bookmakers. In the two weeks' meeting, held under disadvantages of season and transportation, a profit of more than \$7000 was realized in the fortnight.

Captain Carmody, who managed that

meeting, will manage the new Union course in its inaugural season. And the prospects of the course are, therefore, bright. The office of the track is at No. 811 Missouri Trust Building, Seventh and Olive streets.

VALUE OF CHARACTER

BY HARRY COWELL.

Holding, as I do, that serenity (high and habitual happiness) is the summum bonum; that character conditions serenity; that the love of man, the love of truth, and the love of beauty, are the chief components of happiness-bearing character: I think it well to examine critically some of the "cheap substitutes" wherewith the characterless attempt to buy "golden opinions of all men."

And first, of wealth. Are men of wealth necessarily men of worth? Are great fortunes more often produced than appropriated and inherited? Does the gulleless, supersensitive soul, guided by the golden rule, reporting the quality of his goods with scientific exactitude, careful not to overreach his neighbor, tend to amass much money? Was not Jesus filled with a divine disgust for gold? Money is a good means, but a bad end. Gold is good when applied to the cultivation of character. Is it usually so applied? How much of all the wealth is spent for the soul; how much for the body? Cannot a person be considered apart from his possessions, as a rich man or a poor man?

Next, of "fine feathers." Clothes are being continually offered as a substitute for character. The best clothes are such as are at once most useful and most beautiful; but to superior souls the beauty of clothing is trivial, never sublime. "Consider the lilies of the field." Can any one imagine Jesus in a swallow-tailed coat, over-careful of the cut, and taking thought for the morrow wherewithal he should be clothed? But worth in a worn coat the world will, as yet, have none of.

Let us now go on to consider beauty of face and form. From a beautiful face to a beautiful character the inference is so natural that most men make it more than once in their lives, where it is by no means justified by subsequent experience. Many fine featured persons consider the contemplation of their countenances such complete entertainment both for themselves and their fellows that the cultivation of the character seems to them a work of supererogation—unnecessary for social salvation. The general form of a man's features lies beyond his control; not so with his character; and a certain modification of his features is effected by his character, which modification is called expression. This is the soul's work, and undoubtedly made the homely faces of Socrates and Lincoln seem divinely beautiful to their character-loving companions.

Can we speak of age in the same strain without offending? Let us hope so; but if not, we are more concerned with the telling of the truth than with its reception. The instinct of self-preservation we share with all life. Often the selfish live longer than the self-sacrificing. We may grow old without much worthy effort. If reverence be due to old age, then may the parrot take precedence of the patriarch, and many trees, of both. It is such quality of life, not such length, that is honorable. "A wise man's day is worth a fool's life." Here the inference is from opportunity to attainment, from age to wisdom; in short, to character. Not to age, then, but to character, is our reverence due.

With some trepidation, I proceed to speak of sex. I have not been taught that men should be revered because they are fathers, and belong to the male sex; but I have been taught to revere women because they are mothers and belong to the female sex. Should I, then, regard with reverence the lady pig of her sex, which is female; and because of her numerous progeny, which prove her very much a mother? May not bad women

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See Our Windows.

DAVENPORT CHAIRS AND SOFAS.

Solid Mahogany — inlaid. Beautifully polished finished frames, covers of velour or tapestry. Nothing ever offered to compare with these and other styles we have.

There is no assortment equal to ours west of New York.

Latest Exclusive Novelties in Coverings and Frames. We invite your special attention to the superb assortment we are now showing.

Seven Floors of Samples of Plain and Fine Furniture.

EXAMINE OUR DAVENPORT SOFA BED -- \$35.00
THE DRESSING CHEST—See its convenience -- \$35.00

Our Cotton Felt Mattress \$10.00 (elsewhere \$15.00)—Soft, warm, sanitary.

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BROADWAY AND LOCUST

Each Succeeding Day . .

renders the coal range less endurable and makes a good Gas Water Heater more desirable.

The Vulcan Gas Water Heater

heats water quickly. Can be used in connection with Any Coal or Gas Range. Consumes very little gas and is only **\$7.50**

Connections Free.

Fume Pipe, \$1.00 Extra.

Gas Stoves in plenty can be found ;
Almost anyone can spare \$2.00 in change ;
But we have the nicest places in town
For putting your \$2.00 into a Good Gas Range.

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Five Headquarters for Good Gas Goods.

Same prices everywhere.

Both Phones at Each Store.



CUT ALMOST HALF IN TWO AT DRAUGHON'S COLLEGE.

To accommodate students and teachers of literary schools, Draughon's Practical Business College, corner Tenth and Olive, St. Louis, is now making a special summer rate, a reduction of almost one-half. To those teachers who enter for three months, not later than July 10, it will sell the Bookkeeping Course, or the Shorthand and Typewriting Course, for \$25, or all courses combined for only \$30. Penmanship, spelling, etc., is free. This is one of a chain of eight colleges indorsed by business men. Incorporated capital stock, \$300,000. Fourteen bankers on its Board of Directors. Its diploma means something. For catalogue call, write or phone. (Both phones.)

also be mothers? Was not one "Margaret" the mother of a countful of criminals? My reverence is held at a higher price, and cannot be so cheaply bought as by sex and motherhood. The noble woman do I revere, not for her sex, which she has in common with the beasts that perish, and by no effort on her part; but for her distinctly human qualities—not because of her motherhood, which also is common, but because she is a certain kind of mother.

He who declines to be obsequious to princes and potentates is ever deemed

JUDGE & DOLPH, 515 Olive St.

SANURY

Our sale on this splendid remedy for the kidneys and bladder is doubling almost every week; that it is giving universal satisfaction is shown by the fact that half the people who buy it say that "So-and-So tried it and liked it so well that I am going to try it." We can honestly recommend it for all kidney and bladder troubles83c

The only place to get it as at "JUDGE & DOLPH'S." A common expression among people "who know." We carry many Drugs, Chemicals and Patent Medicines that the ordinary druggist never hears of. We also have the most convenient location in St. Louis and our prices are the most reasonable.

515 OLIVE STREET.

Genuine Castile Soap
—absolutely pure—
one-half pound8c
cut.....

IVORY SOAP—
three cakes
for.....10c

Pears' Unscented Soap
—regular price 15c
cake—cut to.....8c
2 for 15c.

HADEL CHROME ALUM

Fixing Bath for Plates,
Films and Papers.

This fixing bath will not discolor and can be used repeatedly; it both clears up the shadows of the negative and hardens the film at the same time. Put up in pound package that makes 40 ounces. Price, 25 cents.

Trusses

We believe that "satisfaction" is of greater importance to every wearer of a truss than the price. We can satisfy you in both. Our prices are always most reasonable and if trusses fitted by our expert are not satisfactory—your money BACK WITHOUT QUESTION.

Prescriptions

The very large volume of business which this department does is due, not so much to the fact that our prices are always lowest, as it is to that item of paramount importance in perfect prescriptions—that of purity and freshness of ingredients. We buy direct and use in this department drugs and pharmaceuticals from SCHIEFFELIN & CO. WYETH & BRO. McKESSON & ROBBINS. PARK, DAVIS & CO.

GERMILETUM

TOOTH PASTE

Regular 15c.....4c

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TOOTH PASTE

Regular 25c.....11c

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TOOTH PASTE

Regular 25c.....9c

SHEFFIELD'S

TOOTH PASTE

Regular 25c.....14c

DE LACY'S HAIR TONIC

—The great preparation—

71c.

3 bottles, \$2.00.

PATENT MEDICINES

Quinets (cure a cold in one day).....15c
Piso's Cough Cure, reg. 25c.....20c
Bell's Pine Tar and Honey, reg. 25c; cut to.....20c
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, reg. 25c; cut to.....20c
Scott's Emulsion, reg. 50c.....42c
Bull's Cough Syrup, reg. 25c.....20c
King's New Discovery, reg. 50c.....42c
Jayne's Expectorant, reg. 50c.....42c
Omega Oil, reg. 50c.....42c
Hagee, Cordial, reg. \$1.....83c
Hydriolene, reg. \$1.....83c
Maltine Preparations, reg. \$1.....83c
Gude's Pepto-Mangan, reg. \$1.....83c
Warner's Safe Cure, reg. \$1.....83c
Mother's Friend, reg. \$1.....83c
Paine's Celery Compound, reg. \$1.....77c
Sulphogen83c
Coke's Dandruff Cure, reg. \$1.....73c
Hay's Hair Health, reg. 50c.....39c
Ayer's Hair Vigor, reg. \$1.....71c
Carter's Pills, reg. 25c, cut to.....18c
Two for35c
Eupesia, reg. 50c.....42c
Hall's Hair Renewer, reg. \$1.....71c
Mellin's Food, reg. 75c.....55c
Sanury for the Kidneys.....83c
Simm's Liver Pills, 40 pills.....10c
Pinkham's Comp. reg. \$1, cut to.....77c

Special Offerings in Our Rubber Goods Department for this Week.

One of the biggest bargains we have ever offered in Fountain Syringes; extraordinary quality; made specially for us; this week only we will sell—
2-quart—Reg. price 75c.....38c
3-quart—Reg. price \$1.00.....43c
4-quart—Reg. price \$1.25.....52c
The "J. & D." guaranteed Hot-Water Bottles—
2-quart—Reg. price \$1.00.....63c
3-quart—Reg. price \$1.25.....69c
The Marvel Whirling Spray Syringe; regular price \$3.50; cut to.....\$2.98
Hodgeman's Rubber Gloves, all sizes; red, white or black; reg. \$1.50; cut to95c

PHARMACEUTICALS

QUININE (P. & W.), ounce bottle47c
M. T. CAPSULES, all sizes, box 100.....5c
2-GRAIN QUININE PILLS, bottle 100.....19c
3-GRAIN QUININE PILLS, bottle 100.....27c
LAPACTIC PILLS (S. & D.), reg. 50c—100.....35c
GLYCERINE, chemically pure, pound19c
WITCH HAZEL, Dickinson's double distilled, pint10c
EXTRACT OF VANILLA (extra strong), reg. 10c bottle3c
BORAX, lb.9c
PHOSPHATE, SODIUM, reg. 25c lb.....14c
PEROZIDE OF HYDROGEN, quarter lb.....11c

MOTH BALLS, - - 3 lbs. 10c

M. Q. Developer for plates or papers, worth 10c; special.....3c

If you don't take a Camera on your vacation trip you will regret it all your life. Photograph what you see, so your friends at home can enjoy with you the beautiful scenes and places of interest you visit. It is a mistaken idea that amateur photography is an expensive luxury, you can make it so, but let us give you a few suggestions and explain how to save your money.

CAMERAS.

3½x4½ Premo Film Camera; uses the new cut films; easily understood; guaranteed to take good pictures; regular price, \$4.00.
Our price\$3.60
3½x3½ Ansco Film Camera; adapted for all makes of roll films; compare it with the \$8.00 grade of other makes and you can readily see that it is a bargain at\$3.98
4x5 Film Camera, with extra fine lens; a Camera that should sell for \$10.00; only a few left; can't get any more to sell at\$4.98

If you want a better camera, we will exchange with you. A full line of Premo, Century, Poco and other makes.

FILMS.

We sell Films adapted for all makes and sizes of Kodaks and Cameras. Our price is 10 per cent less than the regular prices.

We develop Plates or Films for, dozen25c

Best possible results guaranteed. Papers—We have various makes in developing and Printing Out Papers. See sample prints in window. Prices reduced.

Acid Fixing Bath; worth 15c; at.....5c
M. Q. Developer; box of 5 tubes for 15c
Seed's Metal-Hydro Developer, each 3c
Metal Cut Outs, for trimming pictures; worth 25c; at, each.....10c

Stanley Dry Plates; 4x5; this week at, dozen29c

Dark Room Lamp, burns oil, double glass special45c

Cards; all colors; all sizes up to and including 4x5; worth 10c; this week (5 doz. only to a customer) at, dozen.....5c
Ideal Toning and Fixing Powder; makes 24 ounces toning solution; regular price, 25c; this week at.....15c

CYCO PAPER—A splendid developing paper—
3½x3½; at, dozen.....10c
4x5; at, dozen.....15c
5x7; at, dozen.....25c

This Week's Sensational Cigar Sale "Biggest Ever."

We intend making this our banner week in the Cigar Department by making some exceptionally low prices on Cigars that you all know the real value of.

James G. Blaine.....2 for 5c
Pollack's Genuine Havana Stogies.....2 for 5c
Gen'l Arthur4 for 25c
Chancellor4 for 25c
Barrister4 for 25c
La Preferencia4 for 25c

Our clear Havana line of 4 for 25c Cigars are equal to any 10c goods sold elsewhere.

King Adolph4 for 25c
Harvesta4 for 25c
Variedad4 for 25c
Belmont4 for 25c

TOM BENTON CIGAR, 5c Straight.
Regular 10c size

Free { A beautifully decorated earthen jar which holds 50 cigars with every box of TOM BENTONS. } Free

All well-known brands at cut prices.

JUDGE & DOLPH'S

New Drug Store is conveniently located

515 Olive,

Being Midway Between Barr's Corner and Scruggs' Olive Street Entrance.

Impudent. Yet, should a man be loyal to character if a traitor to crowns? It takes a nice courtier to discover the worth of princes when they are pleased to travel incognito. May not a title descend to a scamp? Must a man be moral before he can possess a coat of arms? Seldom is a prince or peer responsible for his position; each should have honor in proportion to his character, if he have character in proportion to his opportunity. Are the holders of certain political positions correctly styled honorable? Are judges the embodiment of justice?

Do manners make the man? A lord bows in a certain stately fashion over a kid-covered hand; therefore he should possess without producing, and others should produce without possessing? This is not a fanciful, but an actual argument. Courtesy which does not correspond to the feeling is a gilded lie. Let men de-

serve love, or else expect disapproval. Compare the frankness of Christ with the falseness of your fine gentlemen.

Patriotism, which is often but enlarged egotism, perverts our appreciation of character. Being British, what need to bother about being a man! Many a patriot have I known who would lord it over archangels on the ground that they were aliens. Love worth; and if the spot of earth where you chanced to be born have more of worth than all other spots, let it have most of your love. Nobility is of no nationality. Are you not a citizen of this whole world and also of the world to come? Wherever your thought is, there is your country; and the nature of your thought determines whether that country be a dry and barren desert, or a bleak and bare mountain, or a rank malarial marsh, or a fair and fertile valley, full of flowers and delights.—Town Talk.

DETAIL IN FICTION MANIA

At present there seems to be manifest in the work of American fiction writers a certain quality which can be best described, perhaps, as an uncontrollable mania for detail. They cannot send one of their characters through the streets without cataloguing every garbage barrel and fire plug that he passes. They have not learned that the greatest strength of a story may lie in the things that are left unspoken.

The day is long since gone when an author is safe from arrest after writing a two-page description of his heroine; but there are other degrees of literary murder. It is a crime for some writers even to uncork a bottle of ink.

The chief endeavor of many American writers is to compose a descriptive passage that sounds like the eulogium of a real estate auctioneer, mingled with the lecture of an amateur geologist.

Will writers never learn that the mental processes of other mortals are not carried forward in straight lines; that no amount of detail, erected on either side, can confine the reader's mind to a straight track laid down for it by the writer? A tale that is like a personally conducted excursion, with no straying from a predetermined path, and with certain things to be seen and all others excluded, cannot satisfy the mind's aspiration for travel.

The most vital stories in all literature are the simple ones, that deal only with fundamentals, and are free from every needless detail that might block the way just at the critical instant when the mind, inspired by a thought presented to it, is setting forth on a journey to some far region. The understanding objects to receiving such bumps. It dislikes tripping over a garbage can while on the way to paradise.—W. S. Duncan in the Reader for July.

THE STOCK MARKET

After the recent violent spasms, the Wall street market has grown dull and lethargic. Transactions have fallen away to a remarkable extent. Not even Morgan's return from Europe sufficed to inject new enthusiasm into the ranks of expectant bulls. On every side one can hear expressions of infinite disgust at the prevailing profitless state of affairs. Commission houses are particularly disappointed. Although they sent out bushels of circulars to their customers, after the late "slump," urging them to lose no time in making up their minds to purchase bargains, business has not "picked up," but, on the contrary, continued to decrease right along. This, of course, proves that the public is still out of the market and still suspicious of existing conditions.

What's the trouble? Why is it that buying still fails to assert itself at the present level of quotations? This is the answer: There is a vague feeling in speculative quarters that things are not what they seem, and there are dangerous undercurrents below the surface of apparently becalmed waters. While it is well recognized that an advance of good proportions should be warranted after the collapse, it seems that none of the leading bull operators is willing to set the ball rolling. Every other day, the point is raised in financial papers that securities have fallen to an attractive investment level, but it fails to attract or to convince. Intelligent people have concluded that if things were really cheap and conditions auspicious, the great banks and capitalists would not hesitate to buy, and thus give the requisite start to a new and roaring bull market.

It has become apparent, however, that the big fellows are at present lying low and not disposed to take the initiative. From this we are justified in drawing two alternative conclusions: The market leaders are either anticipating a further substantial break in quotations, or else so overburdened with unsalable stuff that they are not in position to buy, no matter how low quotations may go. Which of these two theories is the right one, cannot be accurately determined at the present time.

The monetary position is again entering a disquieting phase. While call loan rates are still low on this side, things are shaping themselves in such a manner in Europe as to suggest the belief that gold exports from New York will continue for months to come. At the present time both Berlin and Paris are endeavoring to increase their supply of yellow metal. The value of money is rising at both Continental centers. Berlin, it seems, is anxious to withdraw its funds not only from America, but likewise from London. The

other day, German financial institutions withdrew almost 10,000,000 marks from the Bank of England. The recent advance in the discount rate of the Imperial Bank of Germany facilitates German efforts to attract gold, and bids fair to create no end of perplexities in London and New York.

That the Bank of England will long permit its stock of gold to be drawn upon ad lib. is not likely. That institution needs all the metal it has in its vaults. It would seem, therefore, that the whole German demand will, before a great while, be diverted from London to New York. That, of course, would disconcert American financiers still more, and, in the end, compel them again to raise their rates on call and also on time loans. At this writing, sterling exchange continues close to the exporting point. A slight reduction in the sterling rate at Berlin and Paris would inevitably precipitate further large withdrawals of gold from this side and thereby greatly impede the endeavors of New York banks to strengthen themselves properly so as to be able to meet the crop-moving requirements without being put to the necessity to insist upon a renewal of wholesale liquidation in the stock market.

It can thus be seen that the situation is anything but roseate. We are, apparently, between the upper millstone of large gold exports and the lower millstone of soaring money rates and forced liquidation. How we will be able to extricate ourselves from this queer and dangerous dilemma is something that is greatly worrying the minds of the best judges of the situation. The New York banks are not in a strong position. Their reserves, notwithstanding all the liquidation that has been in progress since last autumn, are still unduly small, when compared with the distended loan account. They are absolutely precluded from lending active aid to bull manipulation in Wall street. If market leaders were to make an attempt to lift values they would quickly back up against a stiffening money market.

No, the situation does not warrant anything like a sustained and rampaging upward movement. If Wall street leaders are wise, they will content themselves with maintaining values around the present level and warding off attacks from the bear contingent. And the public should be equally wise by keeping out of a market that may at any time be thrown again into tumultuous and prolonged convulsions. Stocks may look tempting at current prices, but they may look still more tempting four months hence. A prominent Wall street financier is authority for the statement that many an unlucky fellow went "broke" by buying at what he considered "bargain prices." The definition of the word "bargain" is extremely elastic, and differs at different times, and especially in Wall street.

In connection with this outflow of gold it may not be amiss to call the attention of readers to the assertion recently made by an Eastern student of finance that the withdrawals of yellow metal (since the end of April almost \$22,000,000 has left our shores) are caused by the inflation in national bank-note circulation. In other words, we are asked to believe that the gold shipments are due entirely to the workings of the well-known law that an enlargement of the baser kind of currency drives out the better kind, and that the present movement is not essentially different from that which caused such havoc in Wall street and business generally during 1893-96.

All that can be said regarding this hypothesis, in these columns, is that it is interesting—nothing more. The parallel between the present and the 1893-96 movement is far from complete.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Trading in the local market continues on a small scale. Prices fluctuate within narrow limits. There is no particular pressure to sell, but neither is there any special anxiety to buy. Investors are biding their time. They do not believe that

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prevailing quotations are legitimate. Undoubtedly they have reasons for persevering in their conservative and hesitating attitude. Recent doings in speculative markets cannot be expected to make for a fresh outburst of bullish enthusiasm. Throughout the country, security markets are in a period of transition. That there will be much of an advance in prices between now and October is most dubious.

United Railways preferred is now selling ex the quarterly dividend of 1 1/4 per cent. A few days ago systematic attempts were made to put it up; at one time it looked as if the stock were about to score rapid and material gains, but all the "snap" was lost again after the dividend was off. At this writing, the stock is weak and freely offered at 72 1/2. St. Louis Transit held stiffly for some days around 24 1/2. It could be noticed that United railways was manipulated and advanced to 75 for the sole purpose of inducing a sympathetic buying movement in Transit that would give somebodies an opportunity to get rid of a large "load" at better quotations. As it was, however, buyers at no time showed any eagerness to fall into the trap. When United preferred dropped to 73, Transit at once followed suit by receding to 22 1/2.

Bank of Commerce continues weak. It is offered at 34. Third National is quoted at 30 bid, Boatmen's at 22 bid, American Exchange at 33 bid, Commonwealth Trust at 26 bid. Mercantile is offered at 35, Missouri at 128, Mississippi at 425 and Lincoln at 251 1/2.

St. Louis Brewing Association 6s are selling at 94 1/2 and United Railways 4s at 84 1/2. Missouri-Edson 5s are strong and in demand at about 98 1/2.

Central Coal and Coke common is a little higher. The last sale was made at 64 1/2. Granite-Bimetallic is quoted at 60 bid.

Clearances still show a decreasing tendency. Money is in fair request at 5 and 6 per cent. Drafts on New York are in brisk demand and at a large-sized premium. Sterling is steady at \$4.88.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

L. G. R., Sedalia, Mo.—Leather preferred and common are good stocks to let alone. The recently promulgated readjustment plan has made a bad impression. Not likely that it will be carried out.

W. W., Joplin, Mo.—Think you will make a mistake by selling at present time. The stock is highly thought of in Pittsburg. Present dividend can easily be maintained.

N. J. O'S.—Believe Rubber Goods preferred will touch a lower level. Stock not well supported.

A. J. S.—Would advise you to hold State National for the present. Not too high at prevailing prices. Dividend is semi-annual at rate of 3 per cent. International pays 1 1/2 per cent, quarterly. No sale for a long time. Quoted nominally at 183-192.

H. K., East St. Louis, Ill.—Would advise holding Missouri Trust. There is about \$15,442,000 National Enameling common outstanding. Stock pays 1 per cent quarterly. Not a good investment.

E. Y., Waco, Tex.—Tennessee Coal will undoubtedly go lower. No prospect of a dividend. Consider Northwest common fine investment to hold. Present price quite tempting.

IF WOMEN WERE MEN

In Harper's Magazine for July, W. D. Howells, in commenting on the willingness of most of us to live our lives over again, touches on the curious phase of the question—the often expressed desire of women to be men:

"One often hears the expression in women," he says, "Oh, if I were only a man!" "I should just like to be a man once!" "I would give anything to be a man!" In all honesty, then, or in as much honesty as she is obliged to have, is not a woman when she is thinking of living her life over again, thinking of liv-

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ing a man's life? Is not she wishing to set an example to her husband, who has shown himself so little able to set an example to her, and for whose discipline she is believed oftenest to indulge what seems a vain aspiration?

"A very strange thing in regard to this is that men are never heard sighing to be women. The weakest, the unhappiest, the most abject of men is not known to wish himself a woman; and when he considers living his life over again, it is certainly a man's life that he has in mind. He is perfectly willing to allow that a woman is much better by nature, wiser by teaching, sweeter, lovelier, gentler, and yet he does not ask to change his lot with hers; if he were a beggar, and she a queen, he would not. He is found saying in print and out of it, that women have by far the safest, easiest, and pleasantest time of it, but still, somehow, he does not envy them enough to offer changing places with them. He will tell them, as he has often told them, that they are the real rulers of the world and that in the sacred quality of daughter, wife and mother, they are the holiest beings on earth; he bows down in worship of them, but he leaves them their altar. He does not think it any great thing to be a man, but he is not surprised that the objects of his idolatry should sometimes declare themselves eager to descend from their high places and be men. In the dust and grime of affairs, the din and heat of battle, and the wild, useless efforts to escape from the struggle of life. He understands that they wish to be men, in order to show men what men ought to be, and would be if they were women, and that they are not meaning permanently to be men, and he forgives to their ignorance and inexperience what he could not otherwise account for. He forgives it with a smile, and possibly with a chuckle."

ENTERTAINING

Speaking of amusement: An Atchison woman is entertaining her second husband these days by reading all of her first husband's love letters to him.—Atchison Globe.

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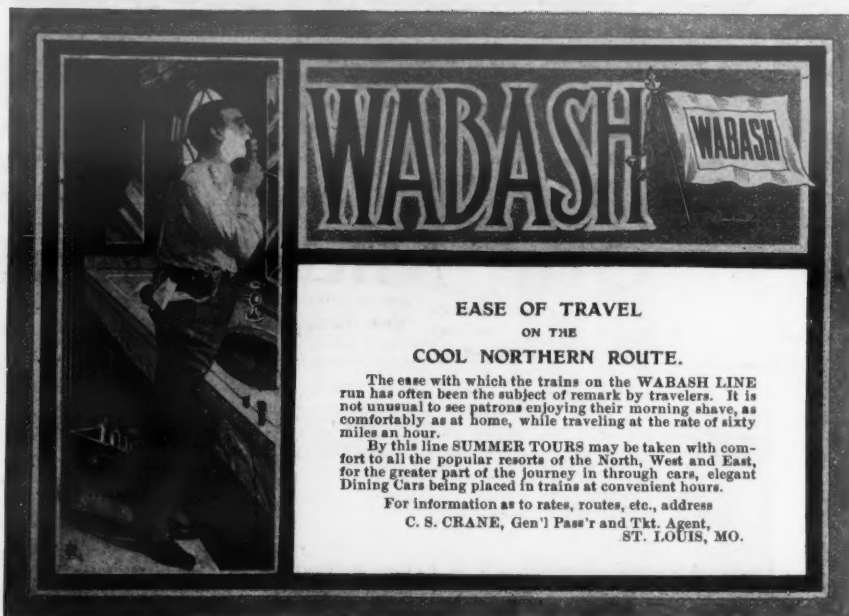
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JEALOUSY AND PRIDE

There is a little jealousy in all persons, and especially in all women. It springs from deep love which always desires to be first in the affection of the one beloved. A lover, whether man or maid, who is not susceptible to occasional twinges of jealousy is not truly in love.

While jealousy, considered with reference to its origin, is not an ignoble emotion, it is frequently absurd in its outbreaks. A father is sometimes upset with jealousy because he imagines that his wife loves the children more than she loves him. Mothers are frequently jealous of the husbands or wives of their daughters or sons. Wives become jealous of the sisters or mothers of their husbands. No one is immune against the little green bacilli of jealousy.

Generally the tears or frowns of jealousy are swept away with a few kind words and a caress, but there are some unhappy persons whose jealousy is chronic and who make themselves ridiculous and annoying by their fits and storms of jealous passion. The jealousy of such persons is beyond reason. Indeed, it is a form of dementia which begets every sort of violence.

Pride is the strongest controller of jealousy. The theologians reckon pride among the seven deadly sins, but as a matter of fact pride is at the bottom of much of the virtuous action in the world. Pride is the root of most bravery, fortitude, courtesy, magnanimity, generosity, charity, perseverance, patience, longanimity, humility and industry. Pride is the essential spirit of thorough breeding, and in spite of being enumerated among the deadly sins, pride is not connected with turpitude.



THE POVERTY OF LETTERS

It is a brisk midwinter afternoon. In front of Button's Coffee-House a man and woman meet. She gently detains him by a skirt of his rusty coat as he would enter the door. At this, he turns in a fashion of surprise, for, with his weak eyes, he has not noticed her approach.

"Samuel," says the woman, "I came for a little money."

The man is heavy, full-browed, ugly, of age, say, thirty-three; the woman, gross, shapeless, but with a wise, kindly face withal, is even less comely. Her years are roundly fifty-nine.

For all the twenty-six years' difference, the two are husband and wife. She houses herself cheaply near the Tower; he has a garret off Fleet street. It is no want of love which separates them; it is poverty that holds them apart.

When the shapeless old wife asks for money, the rusty husband blinks at her in a mood of thick, sluggish affection. He fumbles in his pockets, and, at last, fishes forth a guinea.

"I had it from Dodsley," says he, as he bestows it upon her. Then, with a sour smile: "It should irk a man of letters to borrow from a once footman. But Dodsley is also a poet, and a rich publisher. I forget the footman when I borrow of Dodsley; I borrow only of Dodsley, the publisher."

"You may be sure, however," responds the wife, "that he grants your requests as Dodsley, the footman. The humble are ever more generous than the high. Dodsley, the publisher, would give you nothing." Then, she ties the guinea in a corner of her kerchief. "It shall board and lodge and warm me for a month."

The gross, unshapely wife turns homeward, while her seedy mate goes into Button's.

As he enters, a thin, hawkish voice is raised in salutation.

"And how fares our worthy Samuel Johnson?"—Alfred Henry Lewis in "Break a Heart and Make an Actor," July Smart Set.



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